Deans Mother Goose

Book of Rhymes

Dean's Mother Goose Book of Rhymes

1977 EDITION

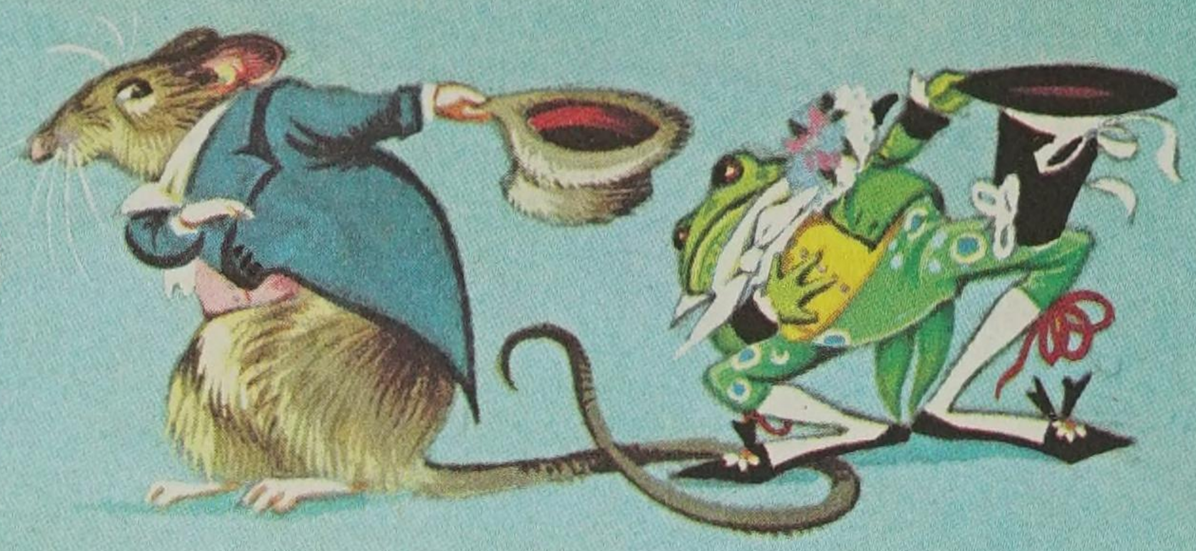
Published by:
Playmore Inc., Publishers
200 5th Ave., New York, N.Y.

© Dean & Son Ltd., London, England

Originally published as:
Gift Book of Nursery Rhymes
New Gift Book of Nursery Rhymes
Gift Book of Pussy & Puppy Nursery Rhymes

Illustrated by
Janet & Anne Grahame Johnstone

Manufactured in the United States of America



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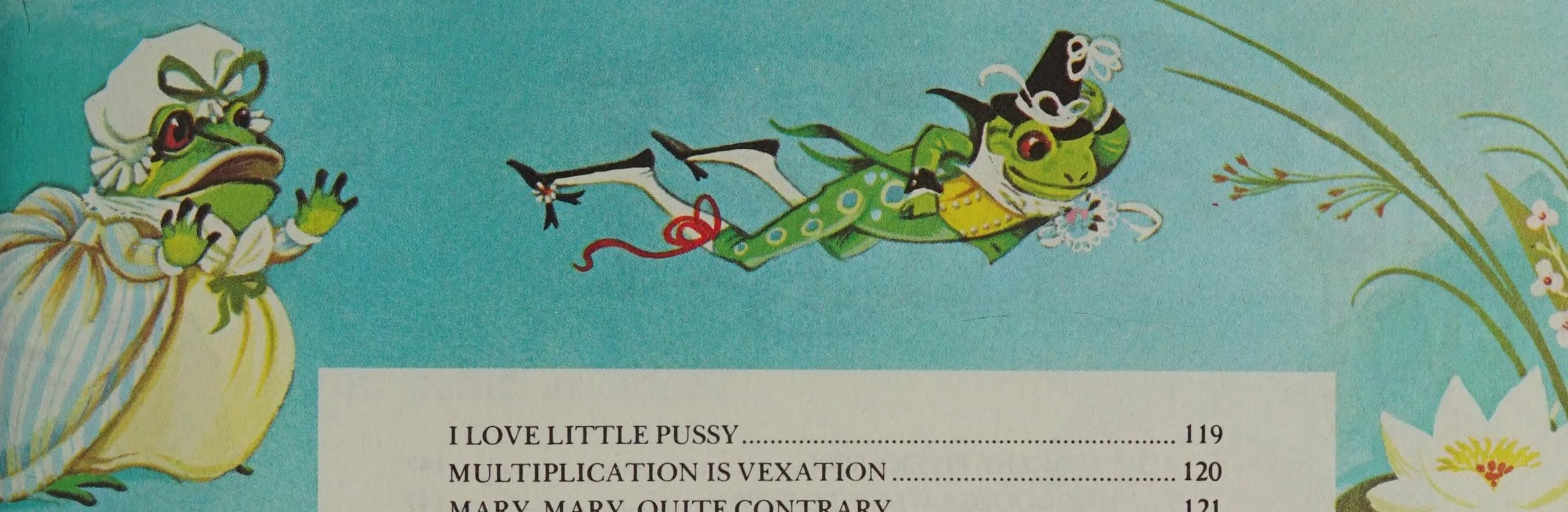

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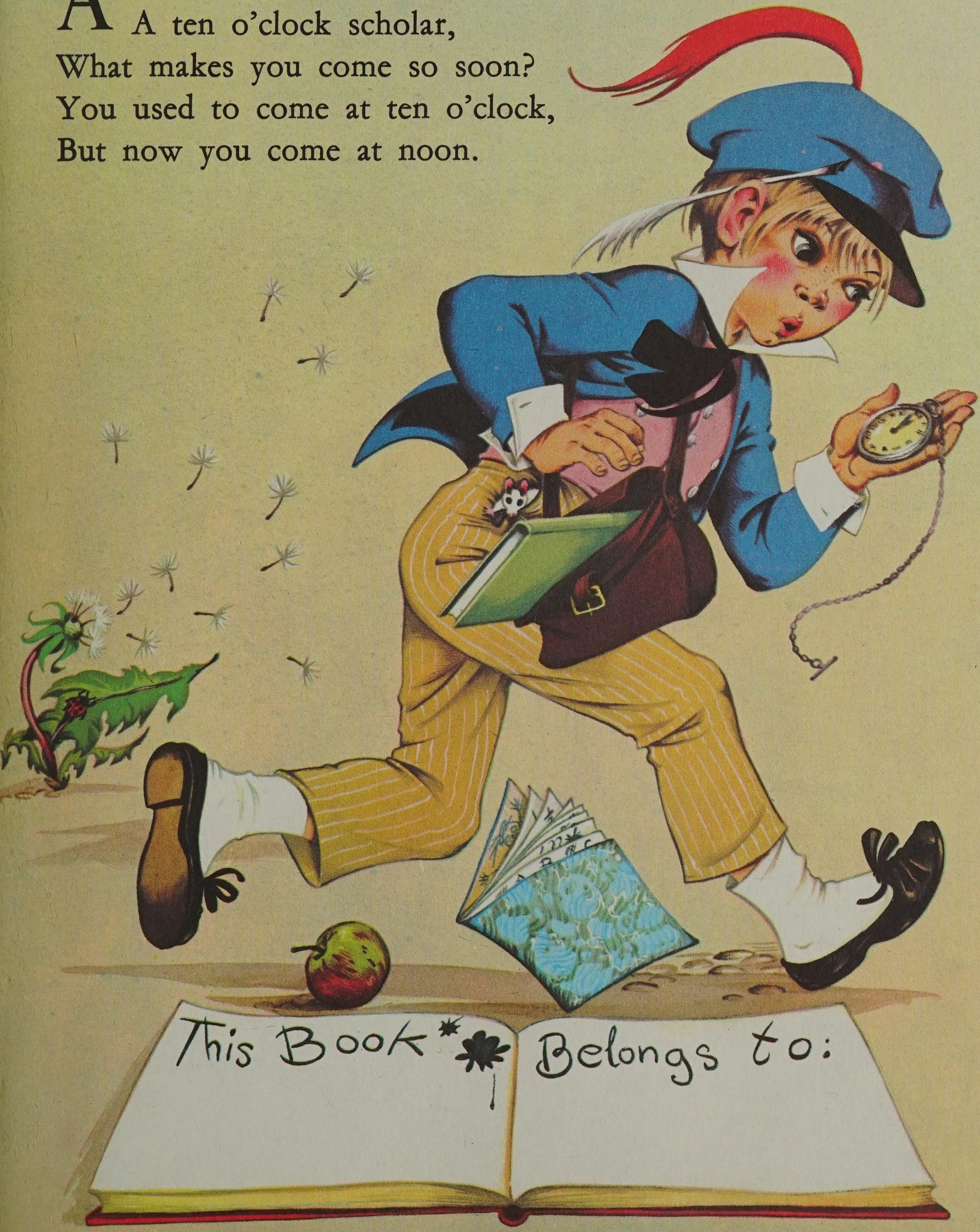
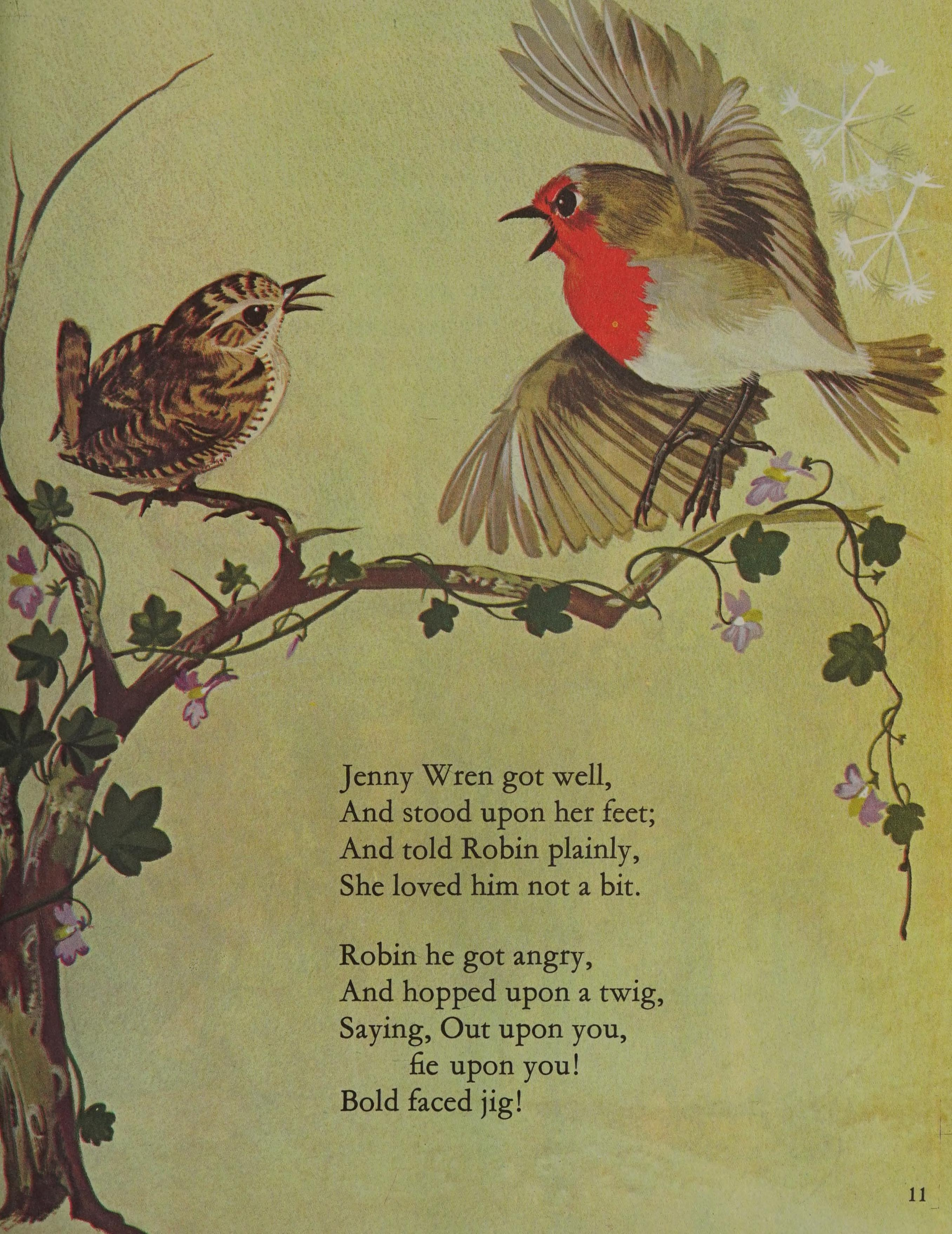
A DILLER, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.



THE Man in the moon came tumbling down,
To ask his way to Norwich.
He went by the south and burnt his mouth,
By eating cold plum-porridge.

JENNY Wren fell sick
Upon a merry time,
In came Robin Redbreast
And brought her sops and wine.

Eat well of the sop, Jenny,
Drink well of the wine.
Thank you, Robin, kindly,
You shall be mine.

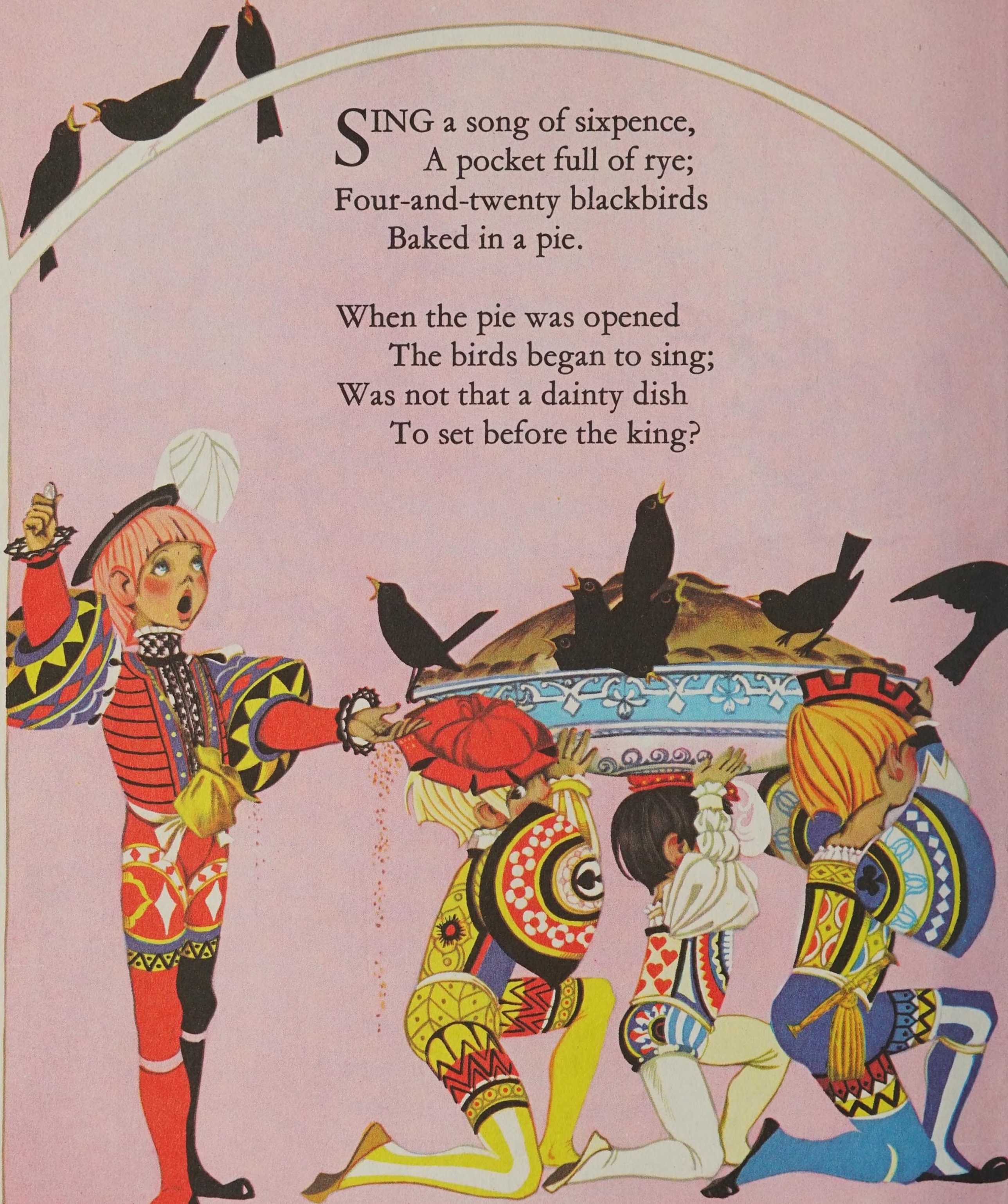


Jenny Wren got well,
And stood upon her feet;
And told Robin plainly,
She loved him not a bit.

Robin he got angry,
And hopped upon a twig,
Saying, Out upon you,
fie upon you!
Bold faced jig!

SING a song of sixpence,
A pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish
To set before the king?



The king was in his counting-house,
Counting out his money;

The queen was in the parlour,
Eating bread and honey.

The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes;
Down came a blackbird,
And pecked off her nose.

THE man in the wilderness asked of me,
How many strawberries grew in the sea.
I answered him,
As I thought good,
As many as red herrings
Grew in the wood.

PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man!
Make me a cake as fast as you can.
Pat it, and prick it, and mark it with T,
And put it in the oven for Tommy and me.

JACK SPRATT could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean,
And so, between them both,
They licked the platter clean.

THERE was an old woman who lived under a hill,
And if she's not gone, she's living there still.

Go to bed first,
A Golden Purse;

Go to bed second,
A Golden Pheasant;

Go to bed third,
A Golden Bird.

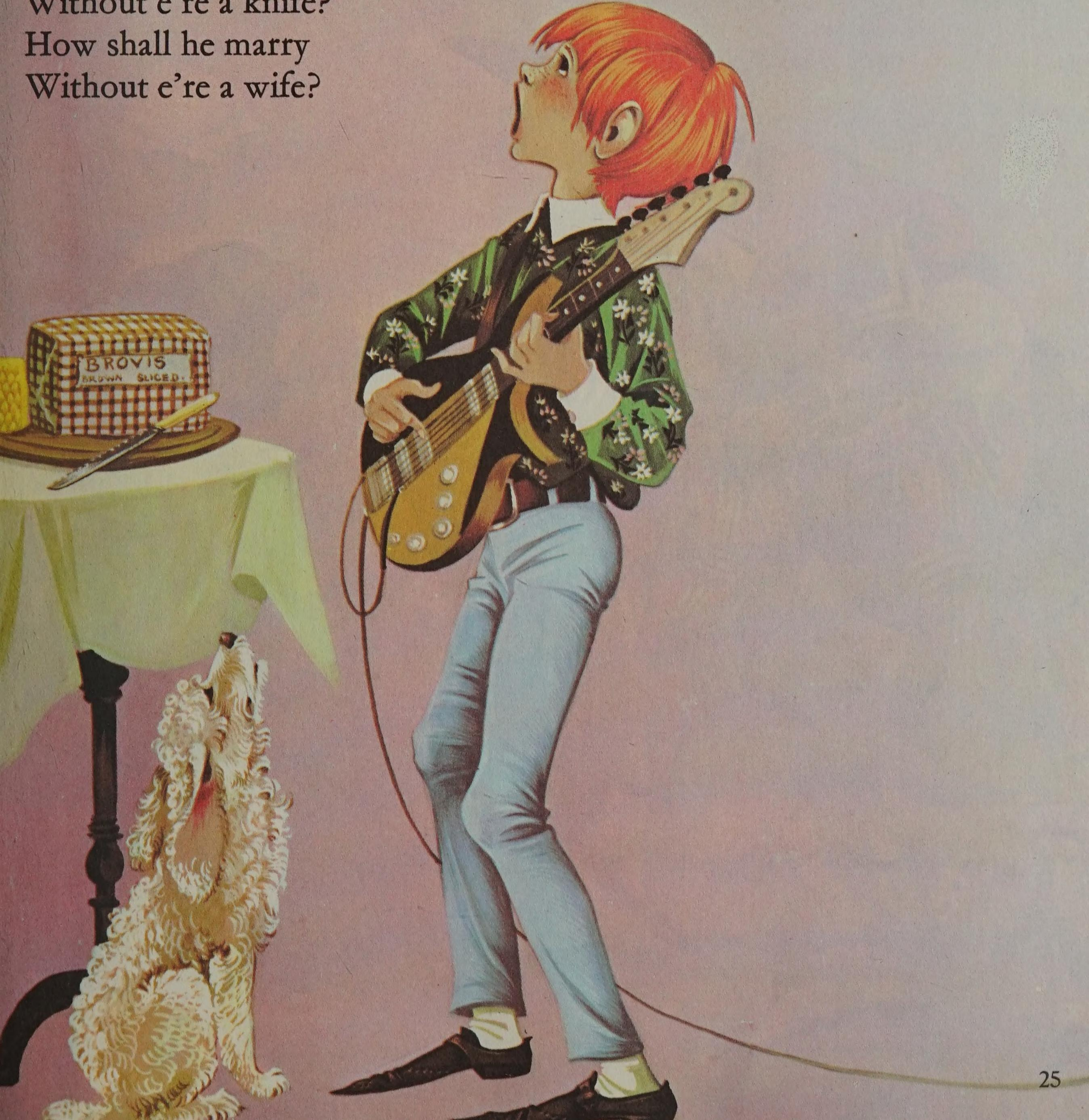
HERE am I, little Jumping Joan,
When I'm by myself, I'm all alone.

PLEASE to remember
The Fifth of November,
Gunpowder treason and plot;
I see no reason
Why Gunpowder Treason
Should ever be forgot.

DAME TROT and her cat
Sat down to chat;
The Dame sat on this side
And puss sat on that.

"Puss," says the Dame,
"Can you catch a rat
Or a mouse in the dark?"
"Purr!" says the cat.

LITTLE Tommy Tucker
Sings for his supper,
What shall we give him?
White bread and butter.
How shall he cut it
Without e're a knife?
How shall he marry
Without e're a wife?



"WHO goes there?"
"A Grenadier."
"What do you want?"
"A pot of beer."

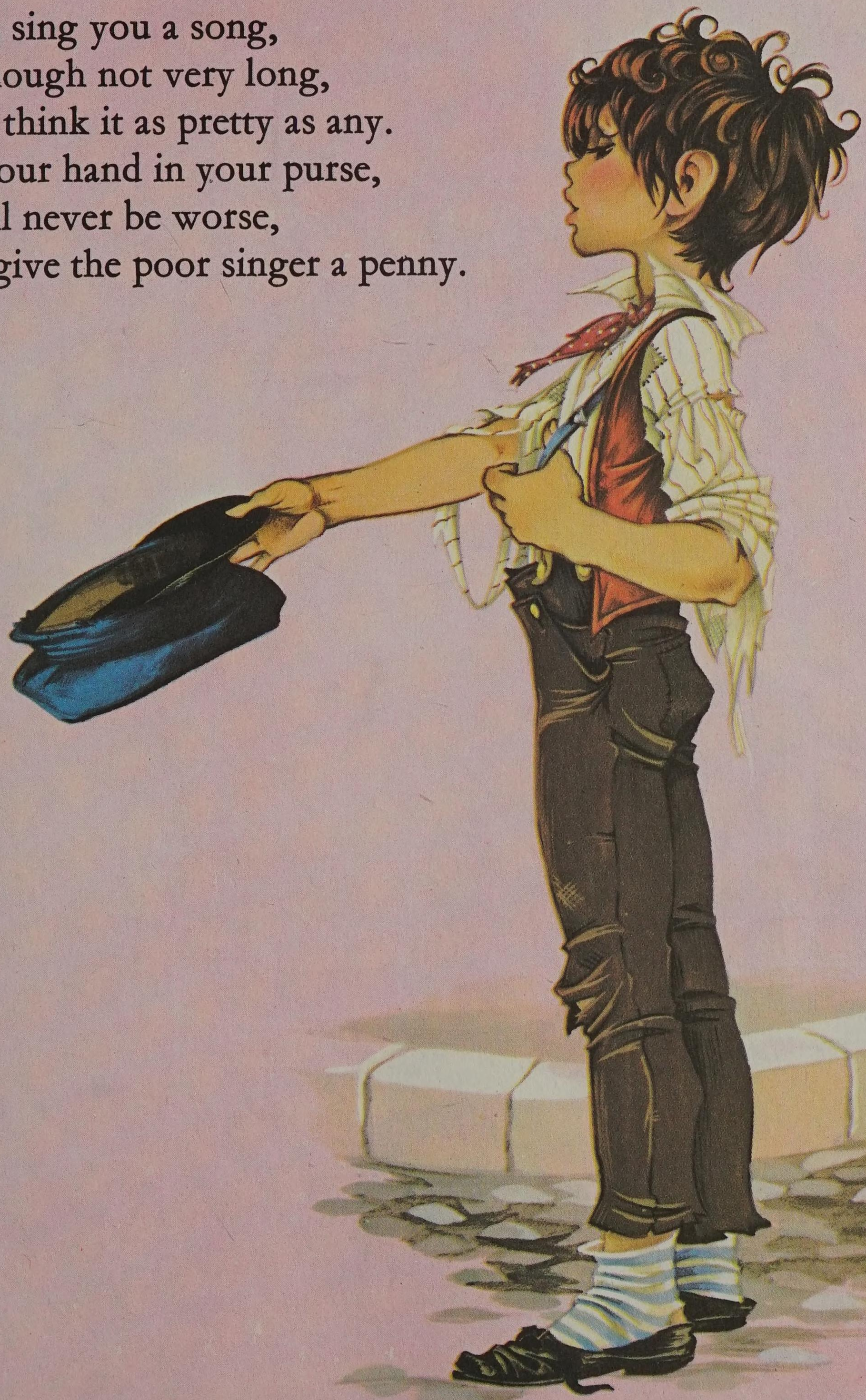
MOLLY, my sister, and I fell out,
And what do you think it was all about?
She loved coffee and I loved tea,
And that was the reason we could not agree.

O ALL you little
blackey-tops,
Pray don't eat my
father's crops,
While I lie down to
take a nap.
Shu-a-O! Shu-a-O!

THE Robin and the Wren
Fought about the porridge-pan;
And ere the Robin got a spoon
The Wren had ate the porridge down.

HERE'S sulky Sue!
What shall we do?
Put her in the corner, till
she comes to.

I'LL sing you a song,
Though not very long,
Yet I think it as pretty as any.
Put your hand in your purse,
You'll never be worse,
And give the poor singer a penny.



MILLIONS of massive raindrops
Have fallen all around;
They have danced on the house tops,
They have hidden in the ground.

They were liquid-like musicians,
With anything for keys,
Beating tunes upon the windows,
Keeping time upon the trees.

A NICK and a nock,
A hen and a cock,
And a penny for my master.

PETER, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her.
He put her in a pumpkin shell,
And there he kept her very well.

TWO little dicky birds
Sat upon a wall,

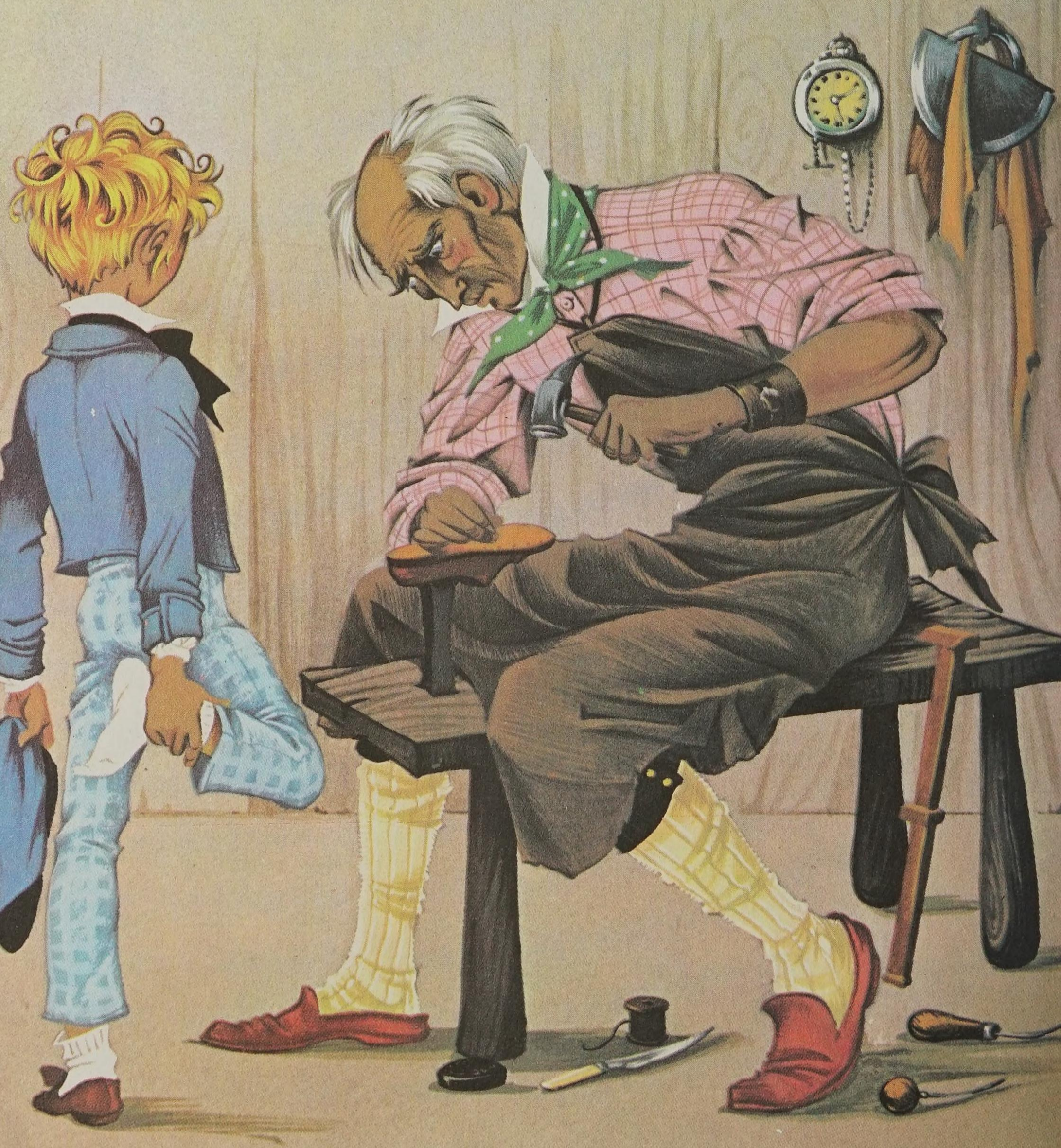
One called Peter
One called Paul.

Fly away Peter,
Fly away Paul;

Come back Peter,
Come back Paul.

SEE-SAW, scaradown,
Which is the way to London town?
One foot up, and the other foot down,
That is the way
to London town.

COBBLER, cobbler, mend my shoe,
Get it done by half-past two;
Stitch it up, and stitch it down,
And then I'll give you half a crown.

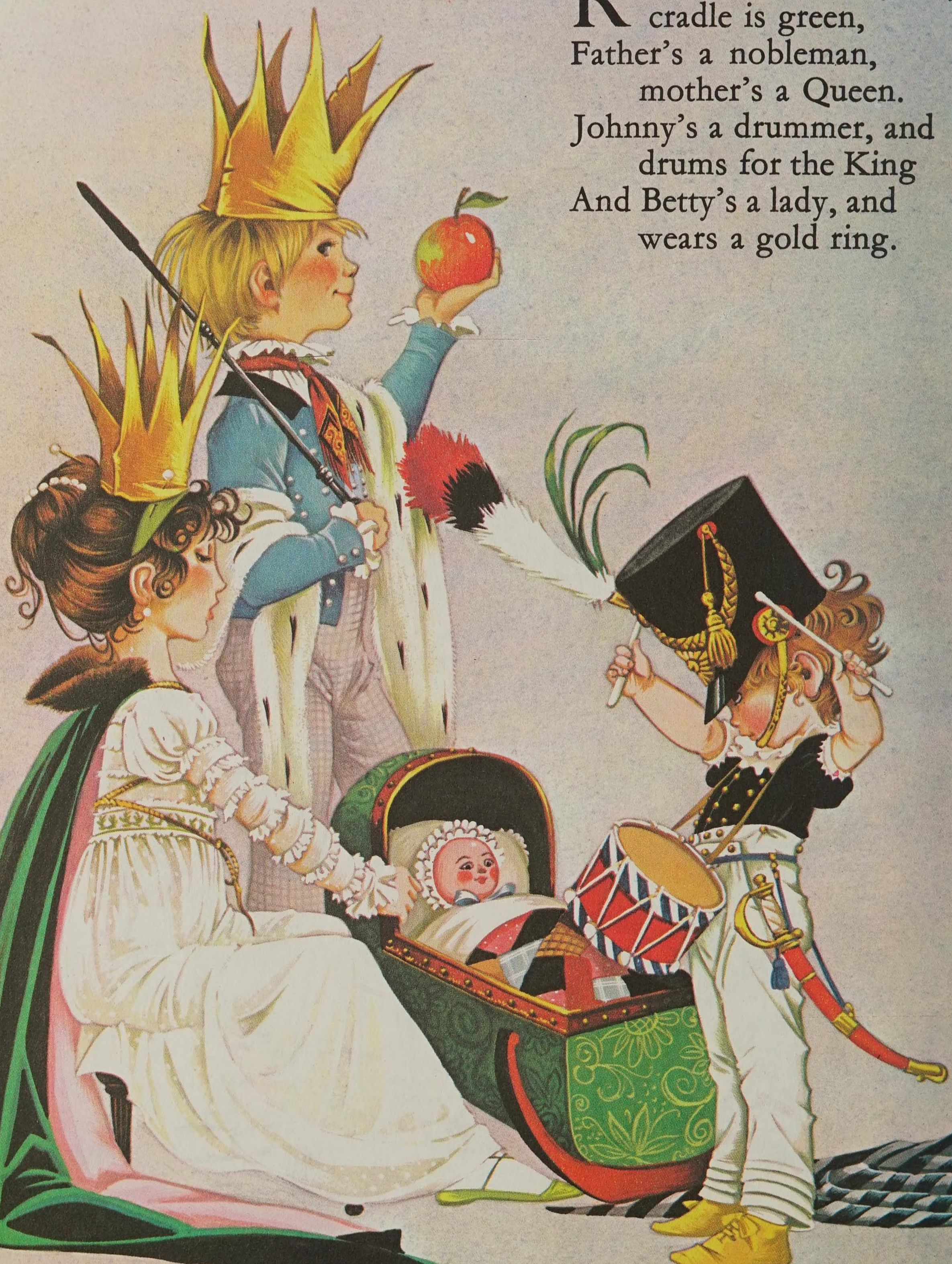


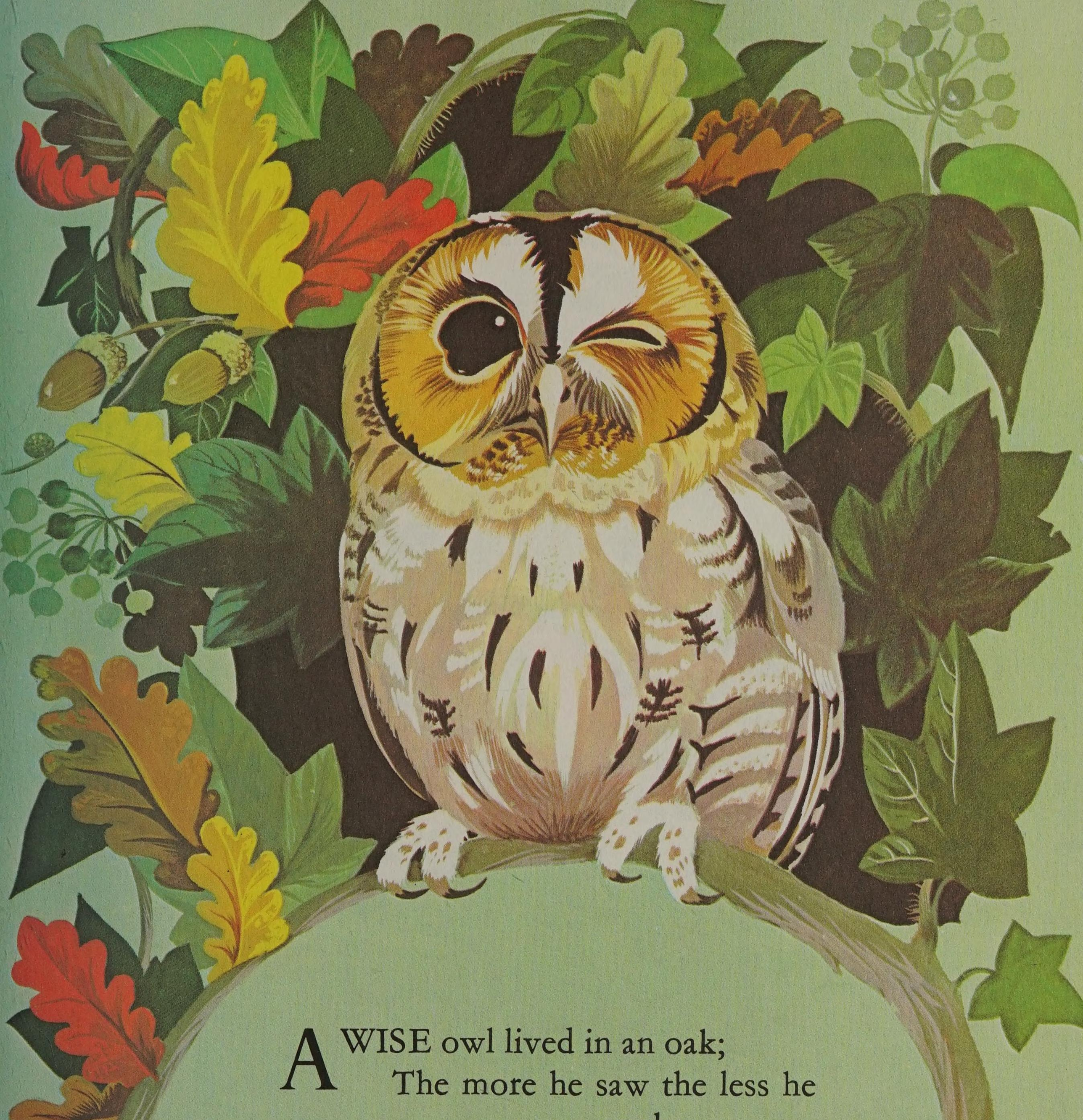
LUCY LOCKET lost her
pocket,
Kitty Fisher found it:
Not a penny in her purse,
But a ribbon round it.

THERE was a little boy and a little girl
Lived in our alley;
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"Shall I, oh, shall I?"
Says the little girl to the little boy,
"What shall we do?"
Says the little boy to the little girl,
"I will kiss you!"

HOT cross buns,
Hot cross buns,
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns;
If your daughters don't like them,
Give them to your sons.
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns.

ROCK-A-BYE baby, thy
cradle is green,
Father's a nobleman,
mother's a Queen.
Johnny's a drummer, and
drums for the King
And Betty's a lady, and
wears a gold ring.





A WISE owl lived in an oak;
The more he saw the less he
spoke;
The less he spoke the more he heard.
Why can't we all be like that wise
old bird?

I'LL tell you a story of Jack-a-Nory,
And now my story's begun.
I'll tell you another of Jack and his
brother,
And now my story's done.

WARM hands, warm the men are gone
to plough.
If you want to warm your hands, warm your
hands now.

GIRLS and boys come out to play,
The moon doth shine as bright as day.
Come with a whoop and come with a call;
Come with a good will or not at all.

Up the ladder and down the wall,
A halfpenny roll will serve us all;
You find milk and I'll find flour,
And we'll have a pudding in half an hour.

PEASE pudding hot, pease pudding cold,
Pease pudding in the pot, nine days old.
Some like it hot, some like it cold,
Some like it in the pot, nine days old.

BABY shall have an apple,
Baby shall have a plum,
Baby shall have a rattle,
When Daddy comes home.

A MAN of words and not
of deeds
Is like a garden full
of weeds!

YOUNG lambs to sell,
young lambs to sell,
If I'd as much money as I
could tell;
I wouldn't be crying, "Young
lambs to sell."

A PIE sat on a pear tree.
A pie sat on a pear tree.
Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O.
Once so merrily hopped she.
Twice so merrily hopped she,
Thrice so merrily hopped she,
Heigh O, heigh O, heigh O.

THERE was an old woman and what do
you think?
She lived on nothing but victuals and drink.
Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,
Yet this plaguy old woman could never be quiet.

NOW we dance looby looby,
Now we dance looby light;
Now we dance looby, looby looby,
Now we dance looby yester-night.

Shake your right hand a little,
Shake your left hand a little,
Shake your head a little,
And turn you round about.

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of crystal light,
Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the
herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish—
Never afeard are we;"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail it seemed
As if it could not be,
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they
dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea—
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle bed.
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

DRIBBLE, dribble, trickle, trickle,
What a lot of sawdust.
My dolly's had an accident,
And lost a lot of sawdust.

I OFTEN sit and wish that I
Could be a kite up in the sky,
And ride upon the breeze, and go
Whatever way it chanced to blow;
Then I could look beyond the town,
And see the river winding down,
And follow all the ships that sail,
Like me, before the merry gale,
Until like them at last I came
To some place with a foreign name.

THE gossips of the village—see,
Their fine lace caps are wearing.
They sip their dainty cups of tea,
White sugar they are sharing.

Their fingers shine with golden rings,
But—duty never matters!
Nothing is ready for the men
And under—they are tatters.

CHARLEY PARLEY stole
the barley
Out of the baker's shop.
The baker came out, and gave
him a clout,
Which made poor Charley hop.

THIS is the
House that
Jack built.

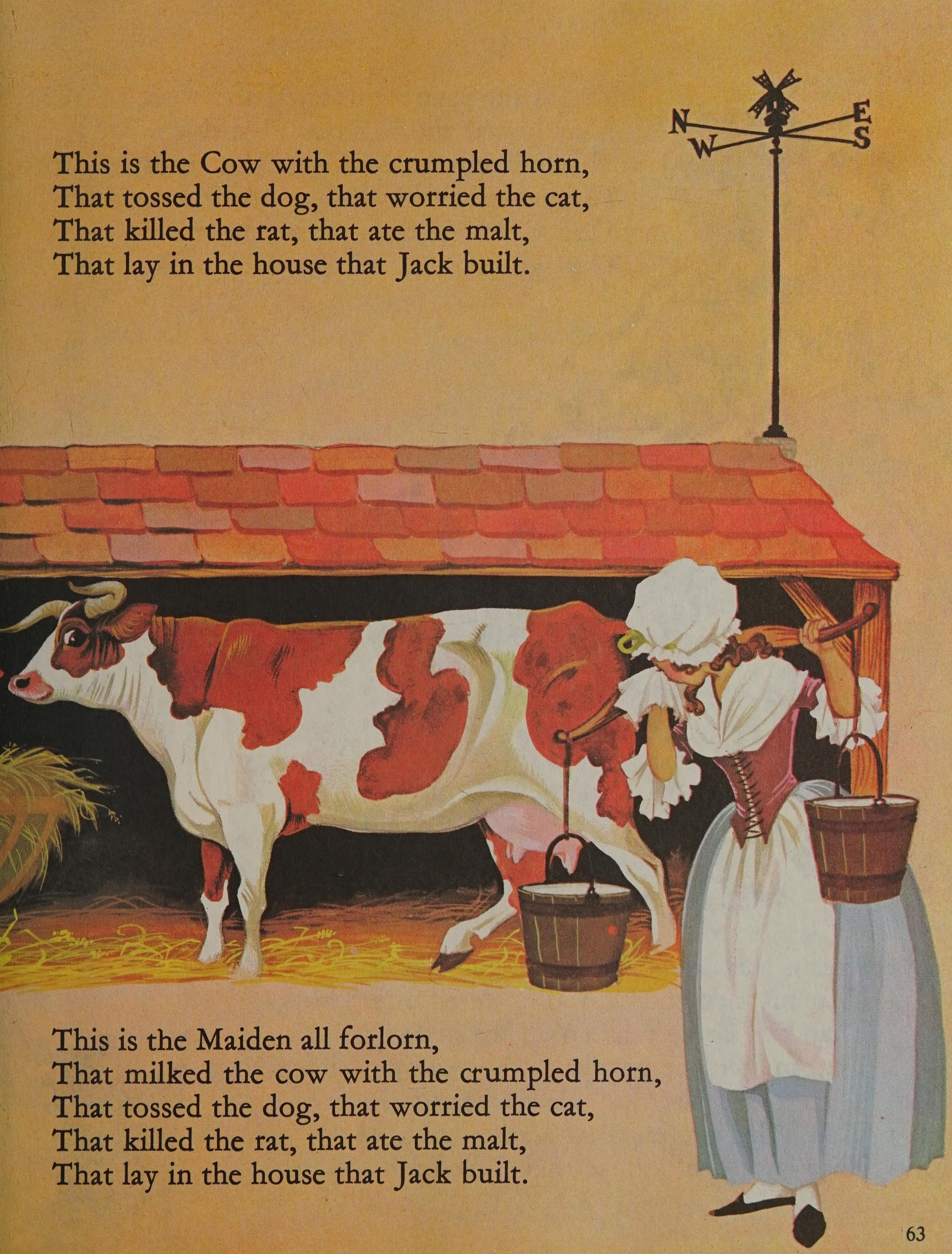
This is the Malt
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the Rat, that ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the Cat that killed
the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house
that Jack built.

This is the Dog that worried
the cat,
That killed the rat, that
ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the Cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat,
That killed the rat, that ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

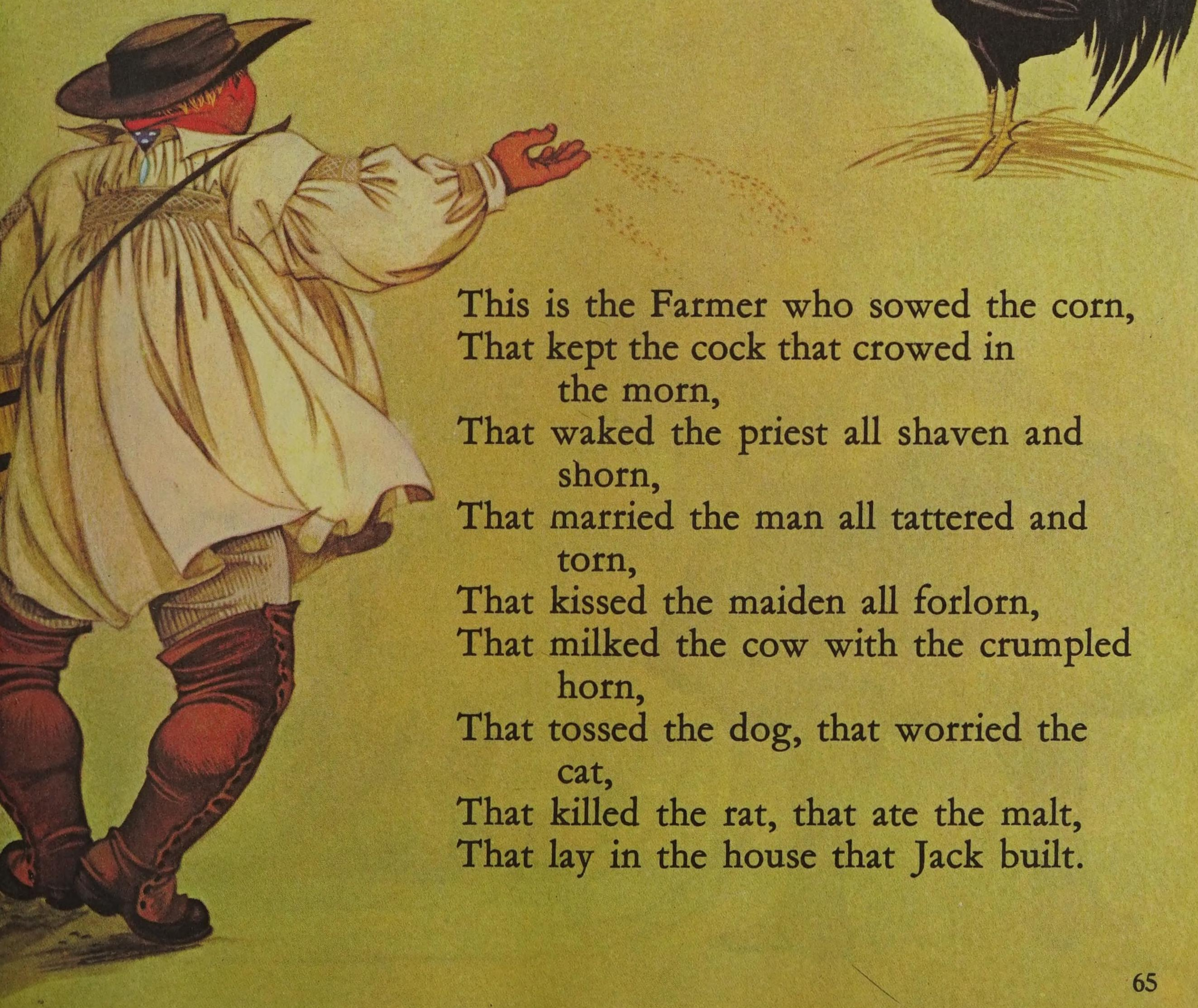


This is the Maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat,
That killed the rat, that ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the Man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat,
That killed the rat, that ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the Priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat,
That killed the rat, that ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

This is the Cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat,
That killed the rat, that ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



This is the Farmer who sowed the corn,
That kept the cock that crowed in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tattered and torn,
That kissed the maiden all forlorn,
That milked the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tossed the dog, that worried the cat,
That killed the rat, that ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.

A PILLOW shaken in the sky,
See how all the feathers fly,
Little snowflakes soft and light
Make the trees and meadows white.

SWING high, swing low, away we go,
Up to the trees where the breezes blow,
Where the birdies nest and play all day,
And all the world is bright and gay.

Swing high, swing low, away we go,
High up where the leaves do grow.
All the little birds are singing,
As we gaily go a-swinging.

JACK Sprat
Had a cat,
It had but one ear.
It went to buy butter
When butter was dear.

PUSSY cat Mole jumped over a coal
And in her best petticoat burnt a great hole.
Poor Pussy's weeping, she'll have no more milk
Until her best petticoat's mended with silk.

GREAT A, little a,
Bouncing B,
The cat's in the cupboard
And she can't see.

SING, sing, what shall I sing?
The cat's run away with the pudding string!
Do, do, what shall I do?
The cat has bitten it quite in two!

DING, dong bell,
Pussy's in the well,
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green.
Who pulled her out?
Little Tommy Stout.
What a naughty boy was that,
To try to drown poor pussy cat,
Who never did him any harm,
And killed the mice in his father's barn.

PUSSICAT, wussicat,
With a white foot,
When is your wedding,
And I'll come to it.
The beer's to brew.
The bread's to bake.
Pussy cat, pussy cat,
Don't be too late.

WHO is that ringing at my door bell?
A little pussy cat that isn't very well.
Rub its little nose with a little mutton fat,
For that's the best cure for a little pussy cat.

THREE little kittens they lost their mittens,
And they began to cry,
Oh, mother dear, we sadly fear
That we have lost our mittens.
What! lost your mittens, you naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.
No, you shall have no pie.

The three little kittens they found their mittens,
And they began to cry.
Oh, mother dear, see here, see here,
For we have found our mittens.

Put on your mittens, you silly kittens,
And you shall have some pie.
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r.
Oh, let us have some pie.

The three little kittens
Put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie,
Oh mother dear, we greatly fear
That we have soiled our mittens.
What! soiled your mittens,
You naughty kittens!
Then they began to sigh.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.
Then they began to sigh.

The three little kittens they washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry;
Oh! mother dear, do you not hear
That we have washed our mittens?
What! washed your mittens, then you're good kittens,
But I smell a rat close by.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow.
We smell a rat close by.

DIDDLETY diddlety, dumpty,
The cat ran up the plum tree;
Half a crown to fetch him down,
Diddlety, diddlety, dumpty.

SIX little mice sat down to spin;
Pussy passed by and she peeped in.
What are you doing, my little men?
Weaving coats for gentlemen.
Shall I come in and cut off your threads?
No, no, Mistress Pussy, you'd bite off our heads.
Oh, no, I'll not; I'll help you to spin.
That may be so, but you don't come in.

PUSSY CAT, pussy cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to visit the Queen!
Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?
I frightened a little mouse under her chair.

PUSSY cat ate the dumplings,
Pussy cat ate the dumplings,
Mama stood by,
And cried, Oh, fie,
Why did you eat the dumplings?

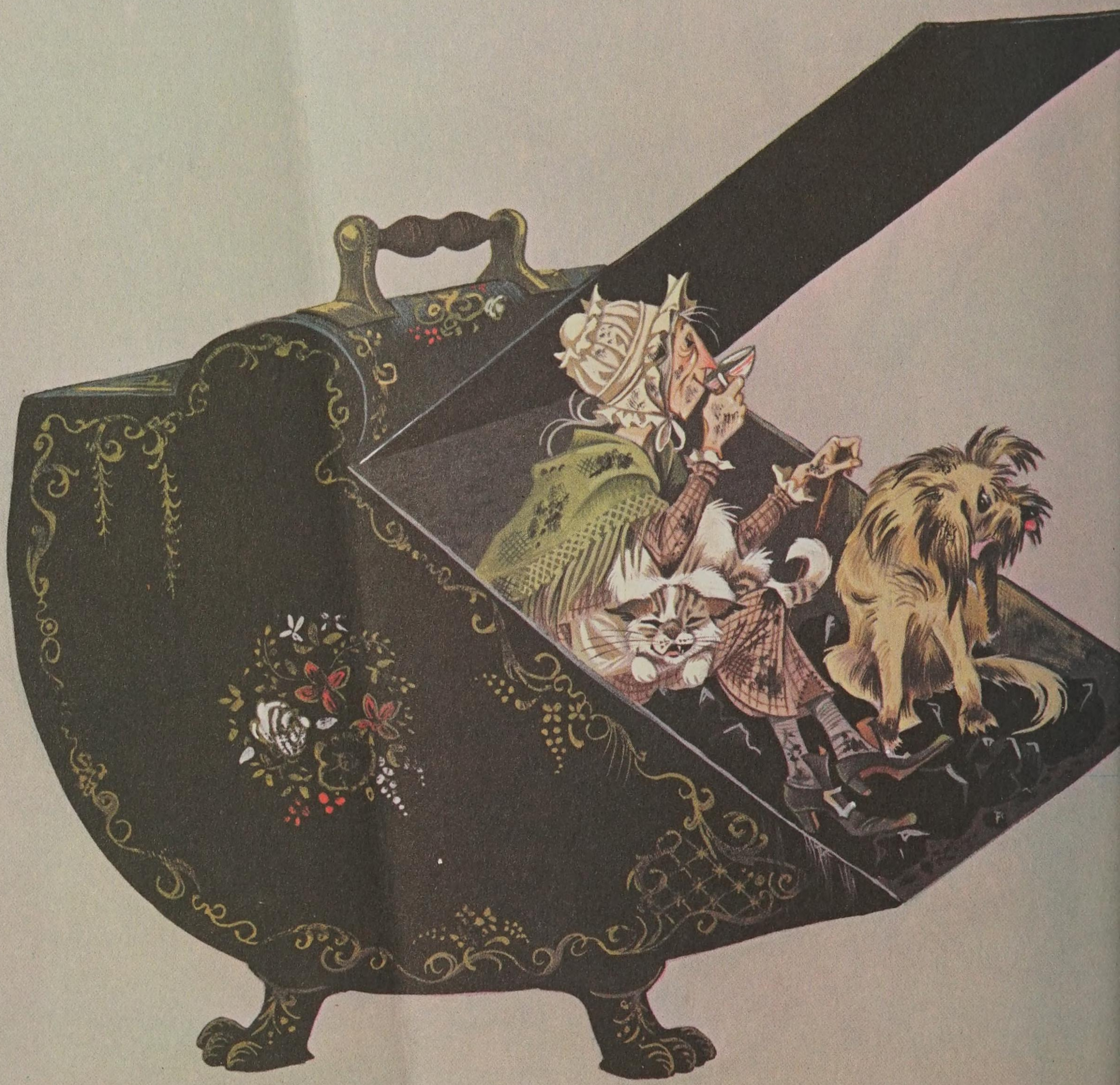
THERE was a crooked man
And he walked a crooked mile.
He found a crooked sixpence,
Against a crooked stile;
He bought a crooked cat,
Which caught a crooked mouse,
And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

AS Pussy sat on the step,
So pretty and so fair,
A neighbour's little dog came by,
Ah, Pussy, are you there?
Good morning, Mistress Pussy cat.
Come tell me how you do?
Quite well, I thank you, Puss replied;
Now tell me how are you?

LITTLE Blue Ben, who lives in the glen,
Keeps a blue cat and one blue hen,
Which lays of blue eggs a score and ten;
Where shall I find the little Blue Ben?

A cat came dancing out of a barn
With a pair of bag-pipes under his arm.
He could sing nothing but Fiddle-cum-fee,
The mouse has married the humble-bee.
Pipe cat; dance mouse;
We'll have a wedding at our good house.

OLD Mother Shuttle
Lived in a coal-scuttle
Along with her dog and her cat.
What they ate I can't tell,
But 'tis known very well
That not one of the party was fat.



Old Mother Shuttle
Scoured out her coal-scuttle
And washed both her dog and her cat.
The cat scratched her nose,
So they came to hard blows,
And who was the gainer of that?

HIE, hie, says Anthony,
Puss in the pantry
Gnawing, gnawing
A mutton mutton-bone.
See how she tumbles it,
See how she mumbles it,
See how she tosses
The mutton mutton-bone.

RIDE away, ride away
Johnny shall ride,
He shall have a pussy cat
Tied to one side;
He shall have a little dog
Tied to the other,
And Johnny shall ride
To see his grandmother.

POUSSIE, POUSSIE, baudrons,
Where have ye been?
I've been at London
Seein' the king!
Poussie, poussie, baudrons,
What got ye there?
I got a wee mousie,
Rinnin' up a stair!

PUSSIE sat upon the wall;
Pussie said, "Mee-ow"
And that was all.

PUSSY cat, pussy cat,
Where have you been?
I've been to see grandmother
Over the green!
What did she give you?
Milk in a can.
What did you say for it?
Thank you, Grandam!

HEY, my kitten, my kitten,
And hey my kitten, my deary!
Such a sweet pet as this
There is not far nor neary.
Here we go up, up, up.
Here we go down, down, downy;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go
round, round,
roundy.

OLD Dame Trot,
Some cold fish had got,
Which for pussy,
She kept in Store.
When she looked there was none
The cold fish had gone,
For Puss had been there before.

I William of the Wastle
Am now in my Castle,
And awe the Dogs in the Town
Shan't gar me gang down.

HEY, diddle dout,
My candle's out,
My little maid's not at home;
Saddle the hog, bridle the dog,
And fetch my little maid home.

THIS old man, he went one,
He went Nick Nack
On my drum!
Nick Nack Paddy Whack!
Give a dog a bone,
This old man came rolling home.

OLD Farmer Giles
Walked seven miles
With his faithful dog, old Rover;
And old Farmer Giles
When he came to the stiles,
Took a run, and jumped clean over.

I had a little dog, and
his name was Blue Bell,
I gave him some work,
and he did it very
well;

I sent him up stairs to pick up a pin,
He stepped in the coal-scuttle
up to his chin.

I sent him to the garden to pick some sage,
He tumbled down and fell in a rage;
I sent him to the cellar, to draw
a pot of beer,
He came up again and said there
was none there.

OH where, oh where
Has my little dog gone?
Oh where, oh where can he be?
With his ears cut short
And his tail cut long,
Oh where, oh where is he?

TELL tale tit –
Your tongue shall be slit
And every little puppy-dog
Shall have a little bit.

THERE was once a nice little dog Trim
Who ne'er had ill temper or whim.
She could sit up and dance—
Could run, skip and prance—
Who would not like little dog Trim?

ONE, two, three, four,
Mary at the cottage
door;
Five, six, seven, eight,
Eating cherries off a plate.

I am his Highness's dog at Kew;
Pray, tell me sir, whose dog
are you?

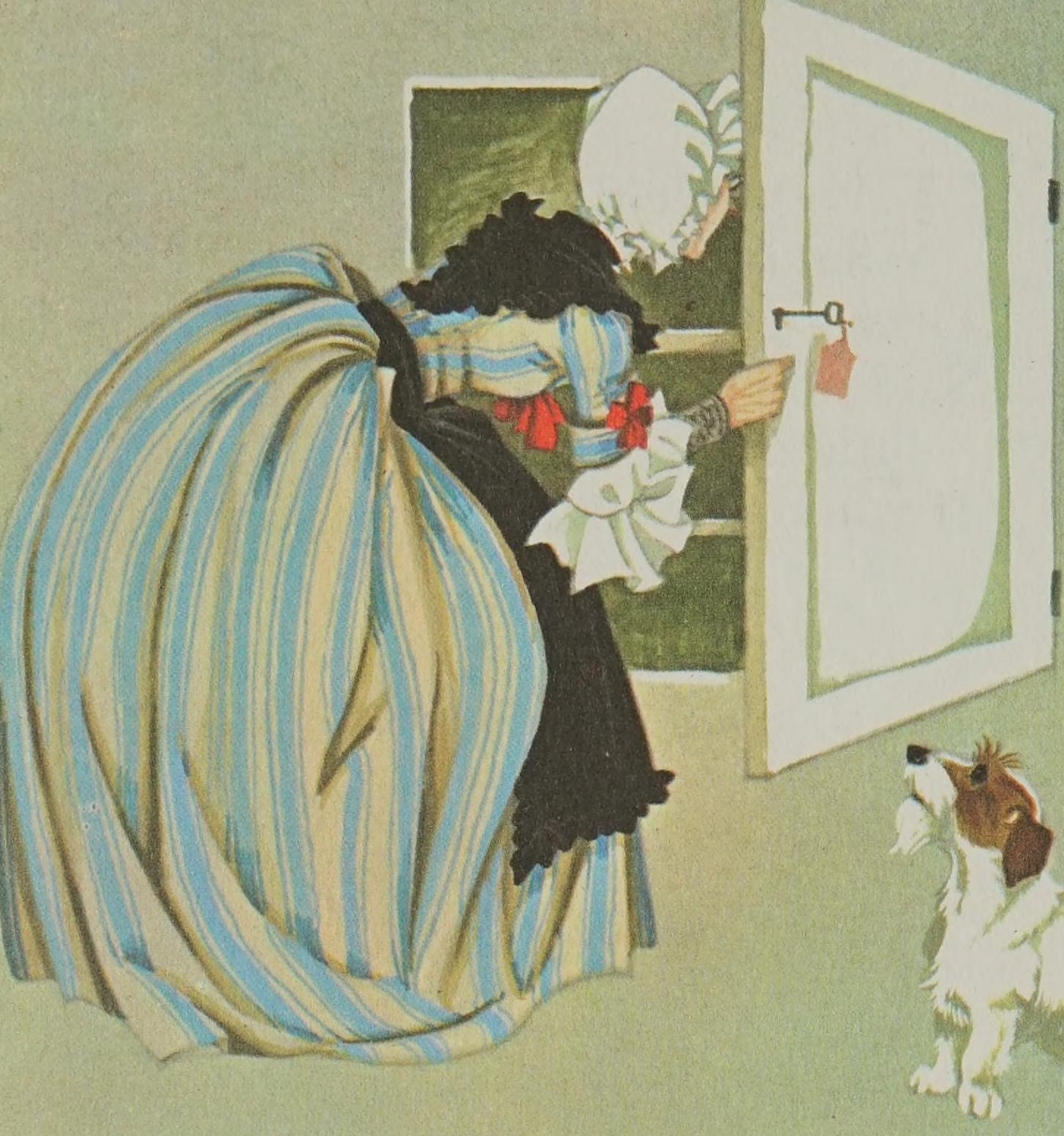
BOW, wow, wow,
Whose dog art thou?
Little Tom Tinker's dog,
Bow, wow, wow.

WHAT are little boys made of?
Frogs and snails
And puppy-dogs' tails,
That's what little boys are made of.

What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice
And all things nice,
That's what little girls are made of.

HIGGLETY, pigglety, pop!
The dog has eaten the mop;
The pig's in a hurry,
The cat's in a flurry,
Higglety, pigglety, pop!

TWO little dogs
Sat by the fire
Over a fender of coal-dust;
Said one little dog to the other
little dog,
If you don't talk, why, I must.



OLD Mother Hubbard
Went to the cupboard,
To fetch her poor dog a bone;
But when she came there
The cupboard was bare
And so the poor dog had none.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread;
But when she came back
The poor dog was dead.

She went to the undertaker's
To buy him a coffin;
But when she came back
The poor dog was laughing.

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe;
But when she came back
He was smoking a pipe.

She went to the alehouse
To get him some beer;
But when she came back
The dog sat in a chair.

She went to the tavern
For wine white and red;
But when she came back
The dog stood on his head.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit;
But when she came back
He was playing the flute.

She went to the
tailor's
To buy him a coat;
But when she came
back
He was riding a
goat.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat;
But when she came back
He was feeding the cat.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig;
But when she came back
He was dancing a jig.

She went to the
cobbler's
To buy him some
shoes;
But when she came
back
He was reading the
news.

She went to the seamstress
To buy him some linen;
But when she came back
The dog was a-spinning.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose;
But when she came back
He was dressed in his clothes.

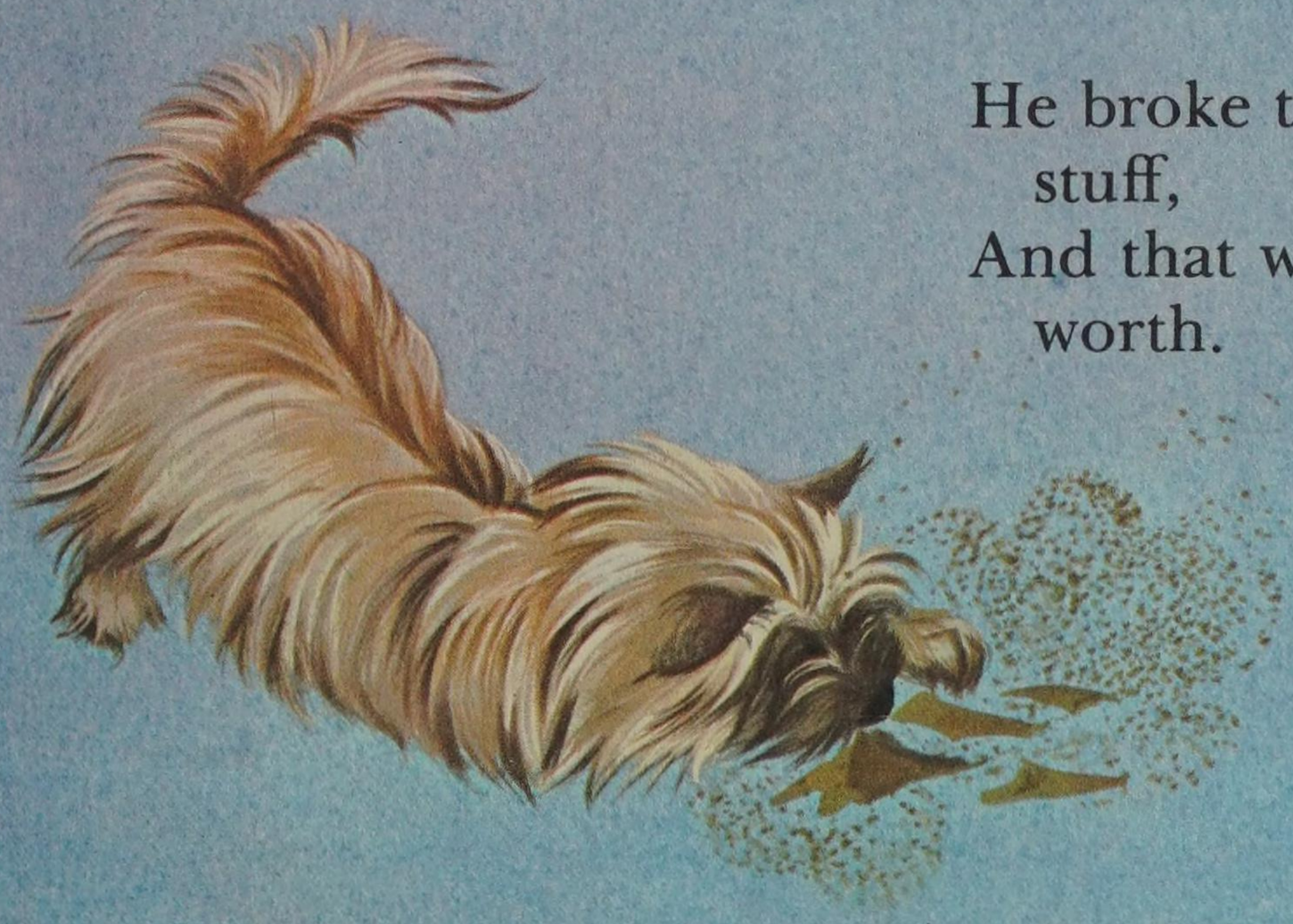
The dame made a curtsey
The dog made a bow;
The dame said, "Your servant,"
The dog said, "Bow-wow!"

THERE was a man,
And his name was Dob,
And he had a wife,
And her name was Mob,
And he had a dog,
And he called it Cob.

And she had a cat,
Called Chitterabob.
Cob, says Dob,
Chitterabob, says Mob.
Cob was Dob's dog,
Chitterabob Mob's cat.

I had a dog whose name
was Buff,

I sent him for a bag
of snuff;



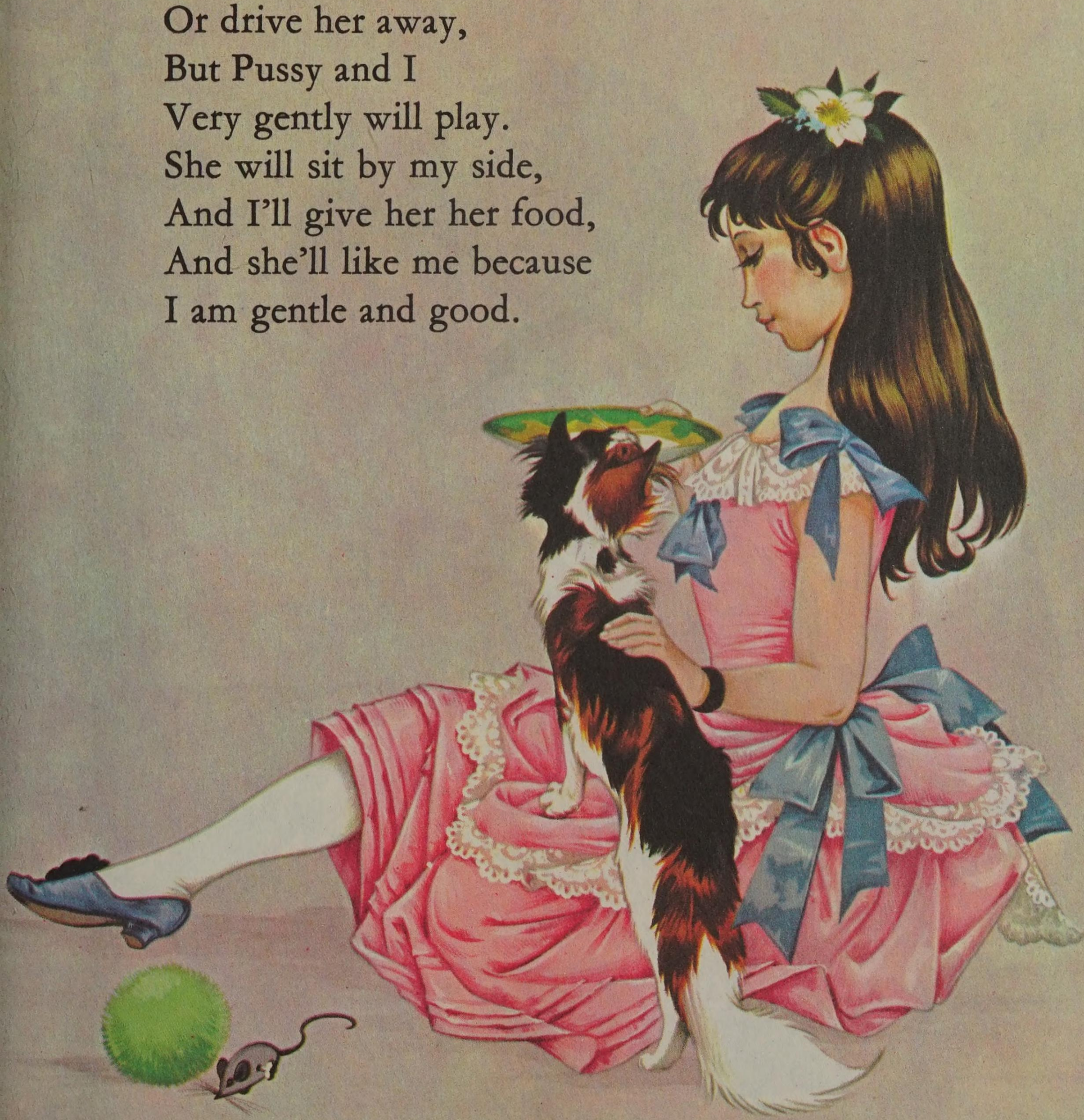
He broke the bag and spilt the
stuff,
And that was all my penny's
worth.

THE north wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will poor Robin do then?
He'll sit in a barn,
To keep himself warm,
With his head tucked under his wing.

LITTLE Jack Sprat
Once had a pig;
It was not very little,
Nor yet very big.
It was not very lean,
It was not very fat—
It's a good pig to grunt,
Said little Jack Sprat.

SHOE the horse, shoe the hors
Shoe the bay mare.
Here a nail, there a nail,
Still, she stands there.

I LOVE little pussy,
Her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her,
She'll do me no harm.
So I'll not pull her tail,
Or drive her away,
But Pussy and I
Very gently will play.
She will sit by my side,
And I'll give her her food,
And she'll like me because
I am gentle and good.



MULTIPLICATION is vexation,
Division is as bad;
The Rule of Three perplexes me,
And fractions drive me mad.

MARY, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With silver bells and cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row.

I SAW a ship a-sailing, a-sailing on the sea,
And it was deeply laden with pretty things
for me.
There were raisins in the cabin, and almonds in
the hold,
The sails were made of satin,
and the mast was
made of gold.

The four and twenty sailors
Who stood upon the decks,
Were four and twenty white
mice,
With rings about their necks.

The captain was a duck, a duck,
With a jacket on his back,
And when the fairy ship set sail,
The captain, he said "Quack!"

GEORGIE PORGIE, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
When the girls began to play,
Georgie Porgie ran away.

SIMPLE SIMON met a pieman,
Going to the fair;
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

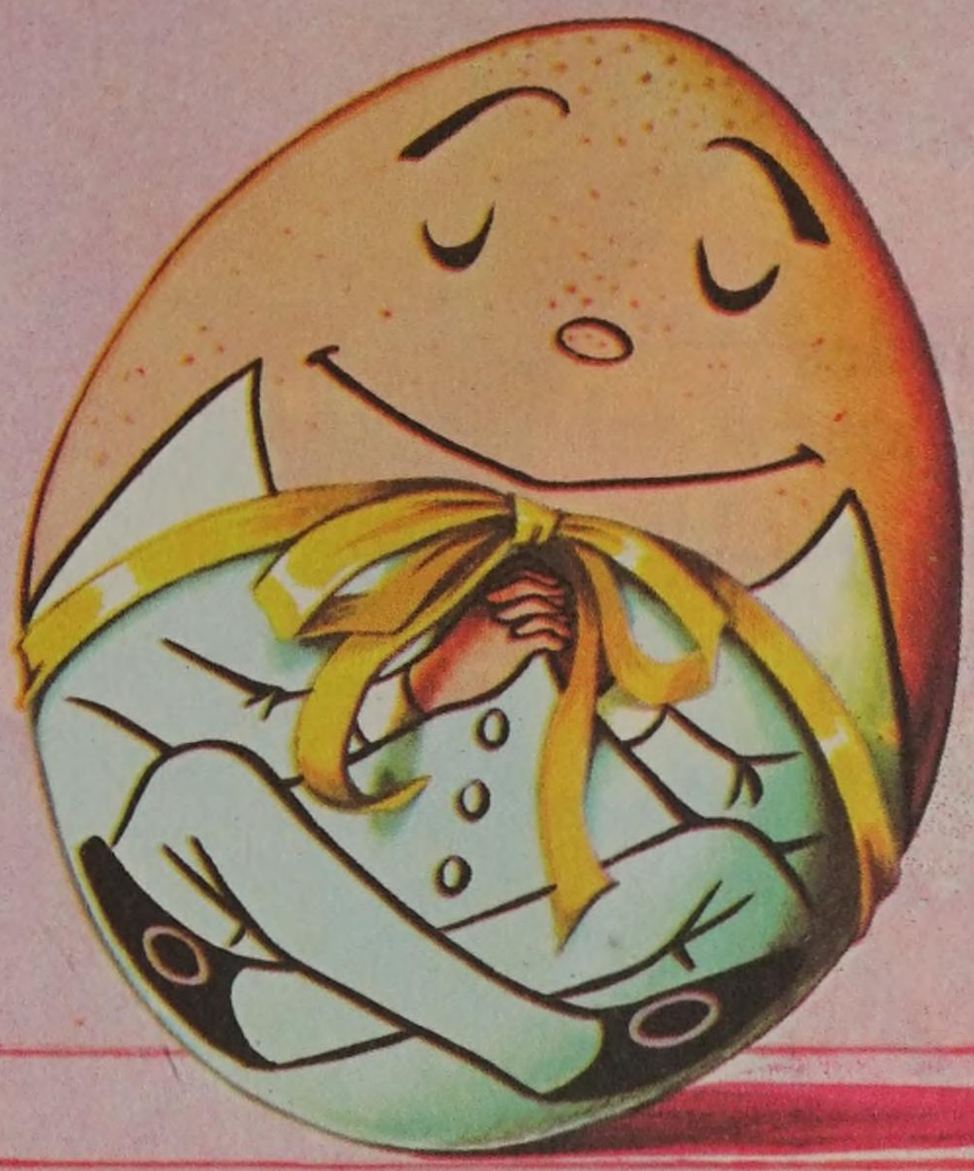
Said the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Indeed I have not any."

ADY-BIRD, lady-bird, fly away home,
Thy house is on fire, thy children all gone;
ll but one, and her name is Ann,
nd she crept under the frying pan.

URLY LOCKS, Curly Locks,
Wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes,
Nor yet feed the swine;

But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam
And feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream.

BAA, baa, black sheep, have you
any wool?
Yes, sir, yes, sir, three bags full;
One for the master, and one for
the dame,
And one for the little boy who
cries in the lane.



HUMPTY DUMPTY sat on a wall,
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall;
All the king's horses, and all the king's men,
Couldn't put Humpty together again.

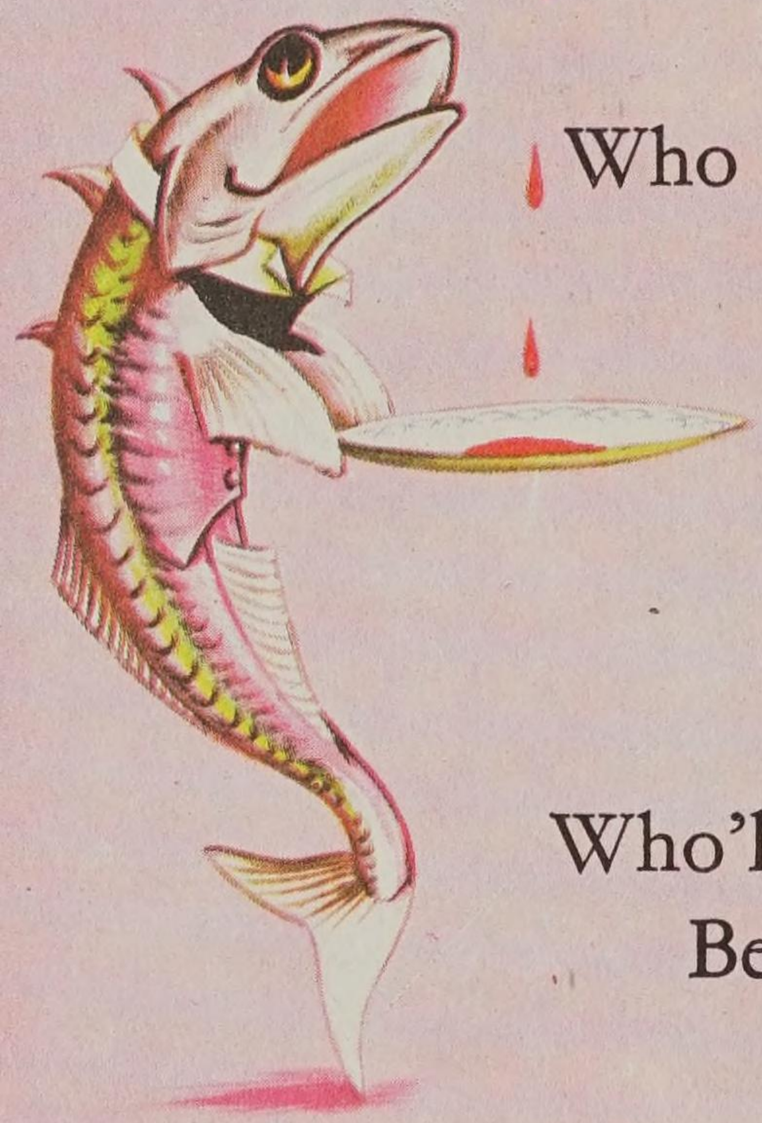
HOW many miles
to Babylon?
Four score miles and ten.
Can I get there by
candlelight?
Aye, and back
again.

WEE Willie Winkie runs through the
town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown.
Rapping at the windows, crying at the lock,
"Are the wee ones in their beds, for it's
now eight o'clock?"

TWINKLE, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are;
Up above the world, so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

"COME, let's to bed,"
Says Sleepy-head;
"Tarry a while," says Slow.
"Put on the pan,"
Says greedy Nan,
"Let's sup before
we go."

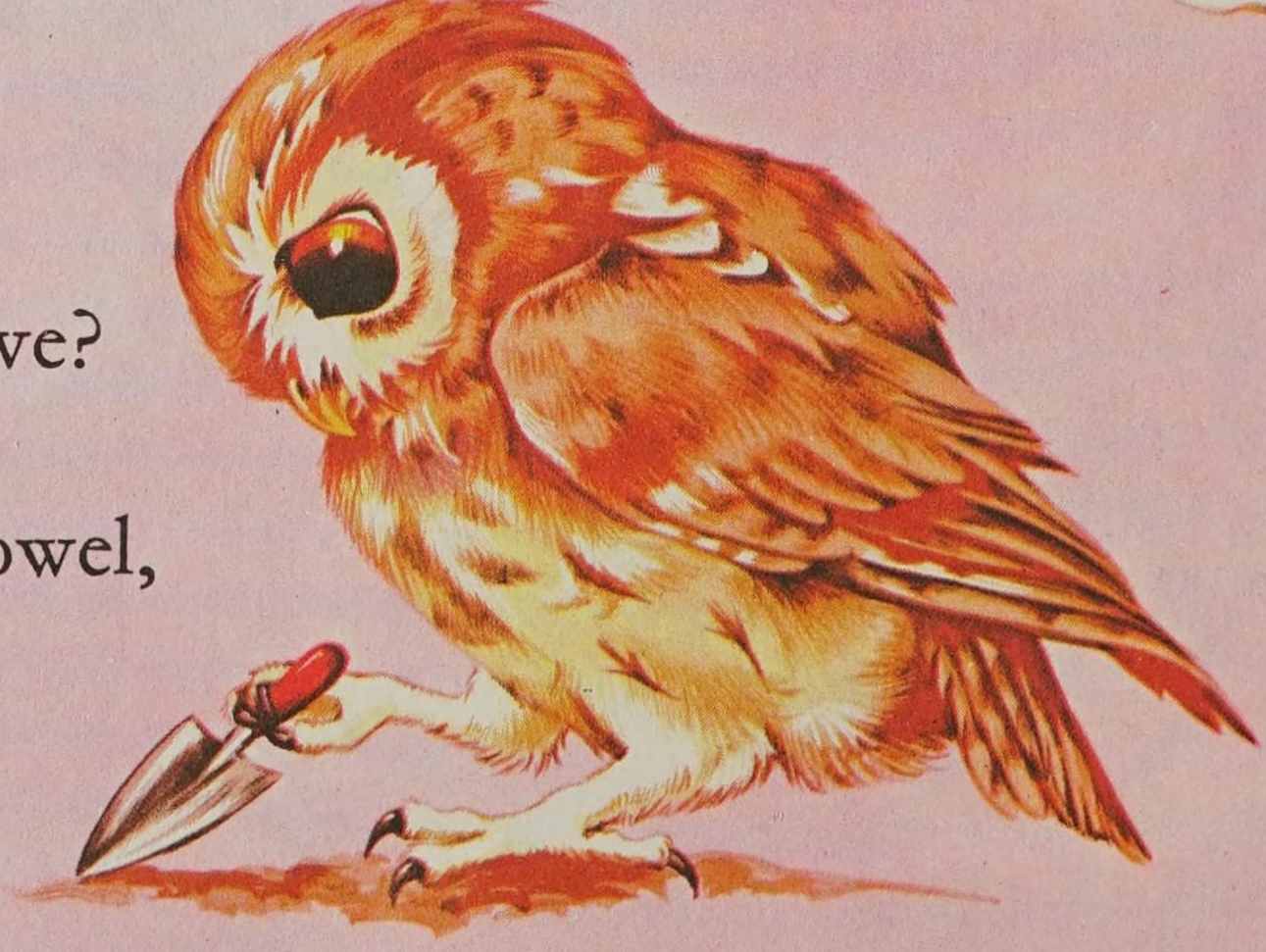
WHO killed Cock Robin? "I," said the Sparrow, "with my bow and arrow, I killed Cock Robin."



Who saw him die? "I," said the Fly, "with my little eye, I saw him die."

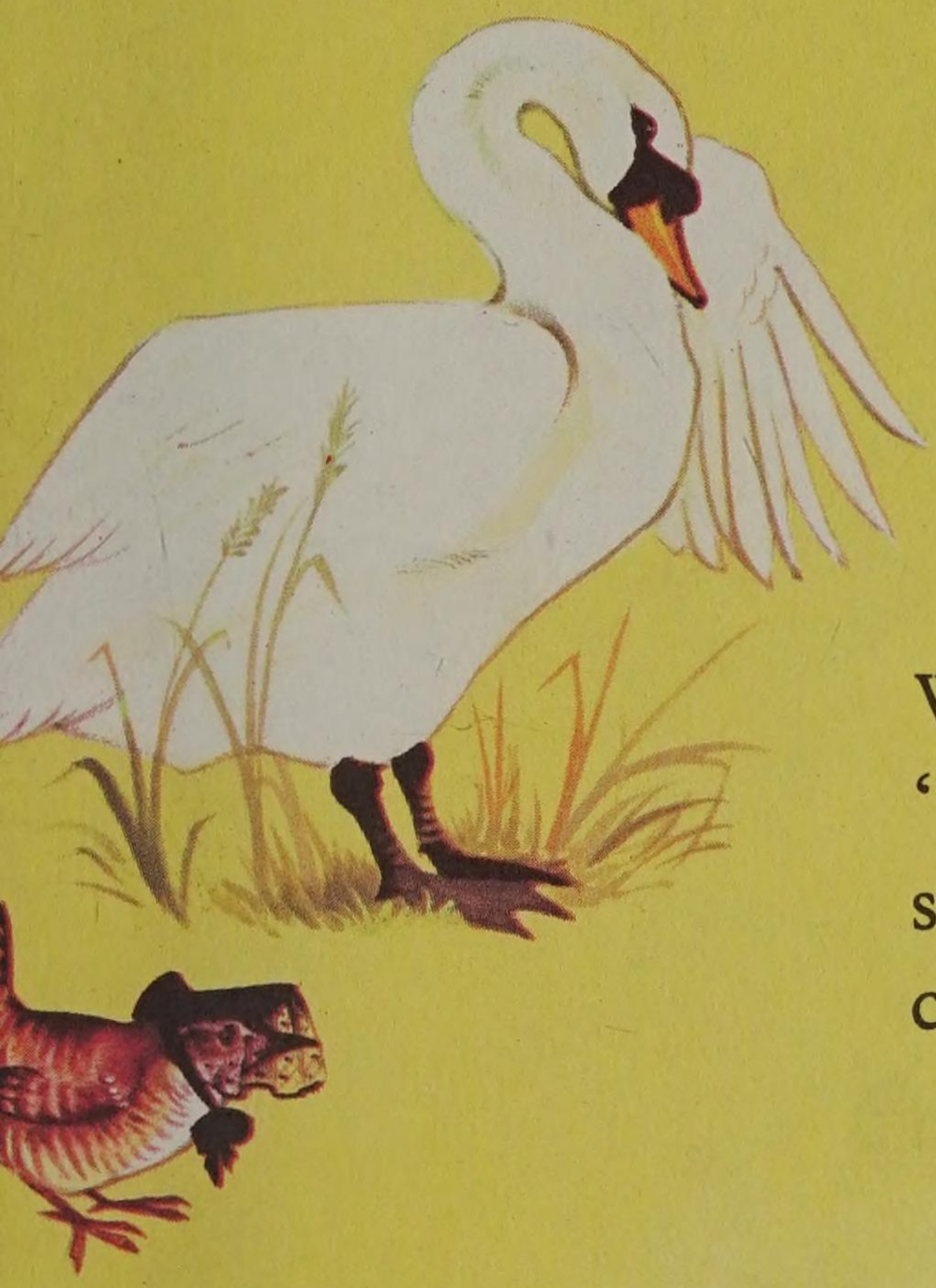
Who caught his blood? "I," said the Fish, "With my little dish, I caught his blood."

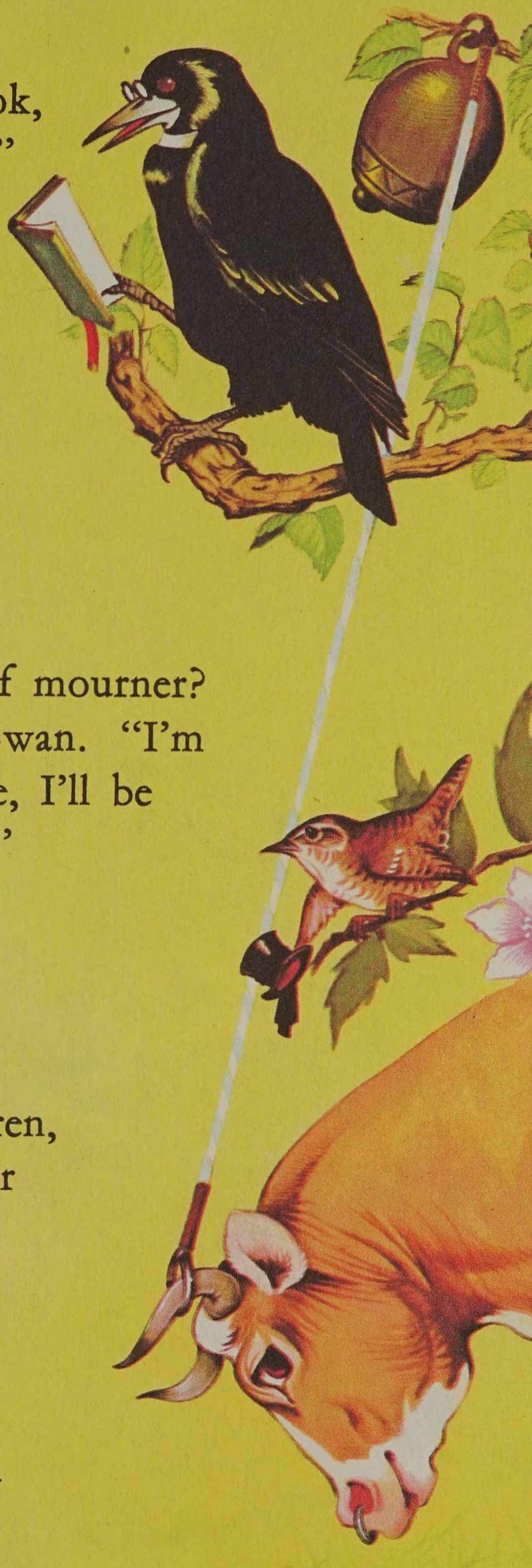
Who'll make his shroud? "I," said the Beetle, "with my thread and needle, I'll make his shroud."



Who'll dig his grave?
"I," said the Owl,
"With my little trowel,
I'll dig his grave."

Who'll be the parson? "I," said the Rook,
'With my little book, I'll be the parson."





Who'll be chief mourner?
"I," said the Swan. "I'm
sorry he's gone, I'll be
chief mourner."

Who'll bear his pall? "We," said the Wren,
Both the Cock and the Hen. "We'll bear
his pall."

Who'll toll the bell? "I," said the Bull,
"Because I can pull. I'll toll the bell."

All the birds of the air fell a-sighing and
a-sobbing when they heard of the
death of poor Cock Robin.

LITTLE Miss Muffet sat on
a tuffet,
Eating her curds and whey;
There came a big spider,
Who sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet
away.

ONE misty, moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
There I met an old man,
Clothed all in leather;
I took him by the hand,
And told him very plain,
How do you do, and how do you do?
And how do you do again?

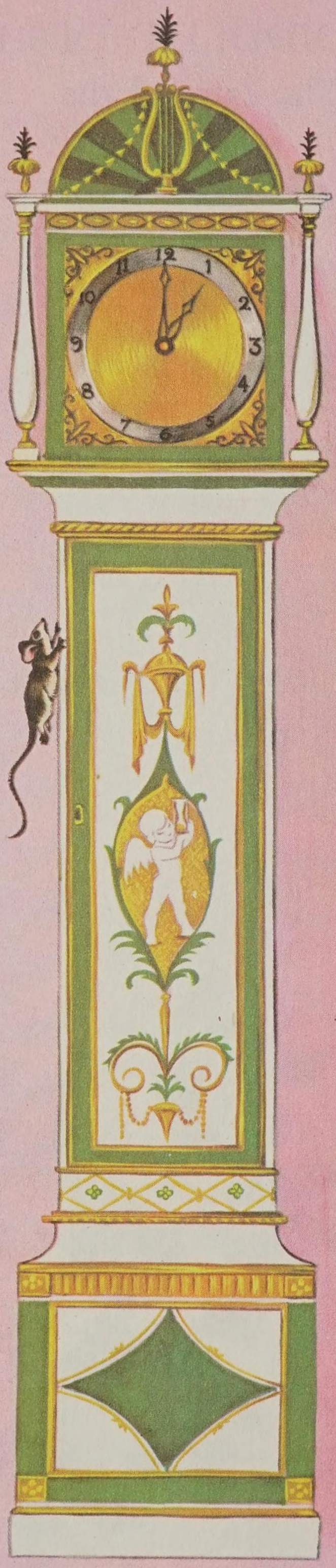
LITTLE Boy Blue, come
blow up your horn;
The sheep's in the meadow,
the cow's in the corn.
But where is the boy that
looks after the sheep?
He's under the hay-cock, fast
asleep.

LITTLE Bo-Peep, she lost
her sheep,
And couldn't tell where to
find them;
Leave them alone and they'll
come home,
Bringing their tails behind
them.

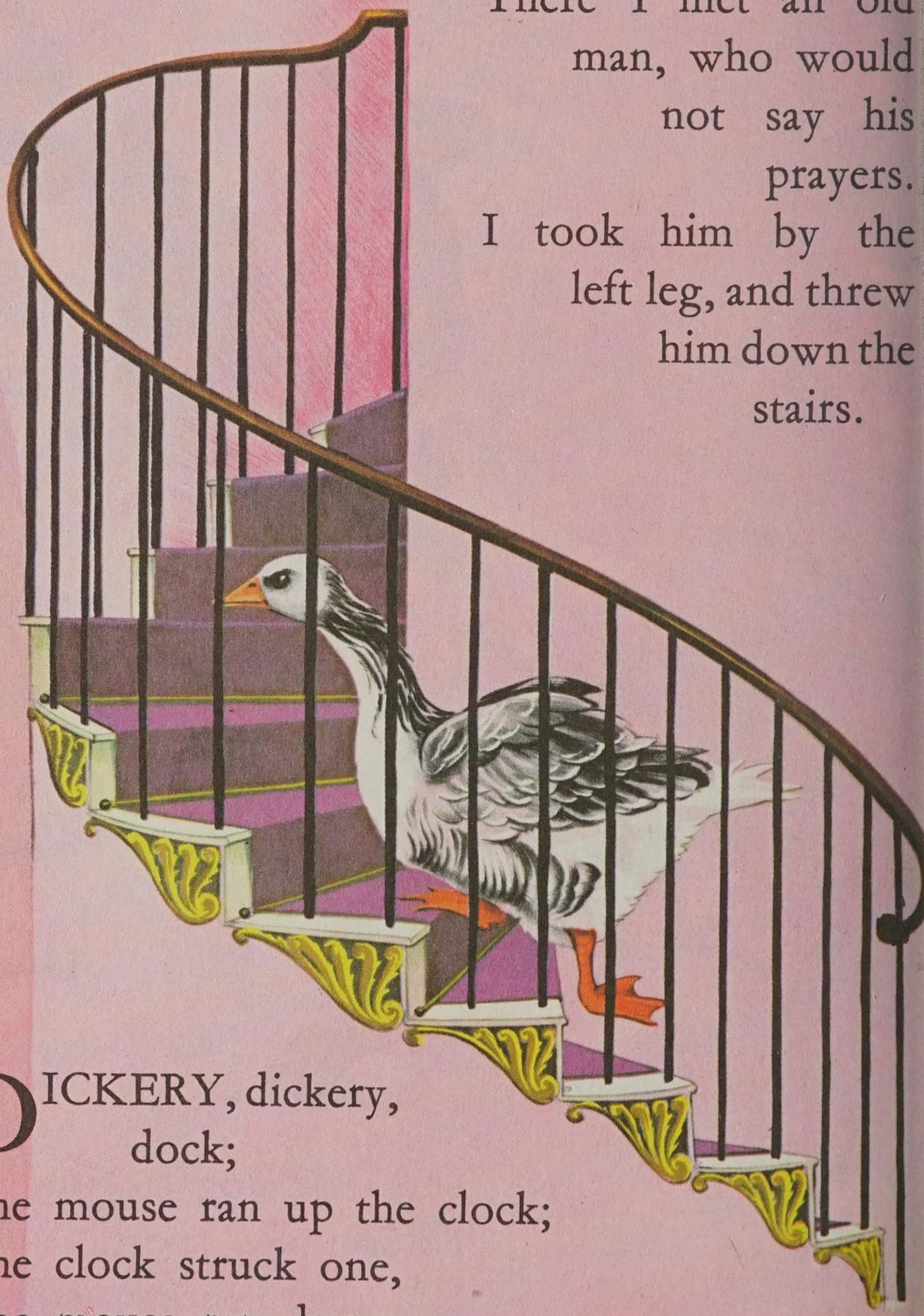
HEY-DIDDLE-DIDDLE!
The cat and the
fiddle,

The cow jumped over
the moon;

The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with
the spoon.



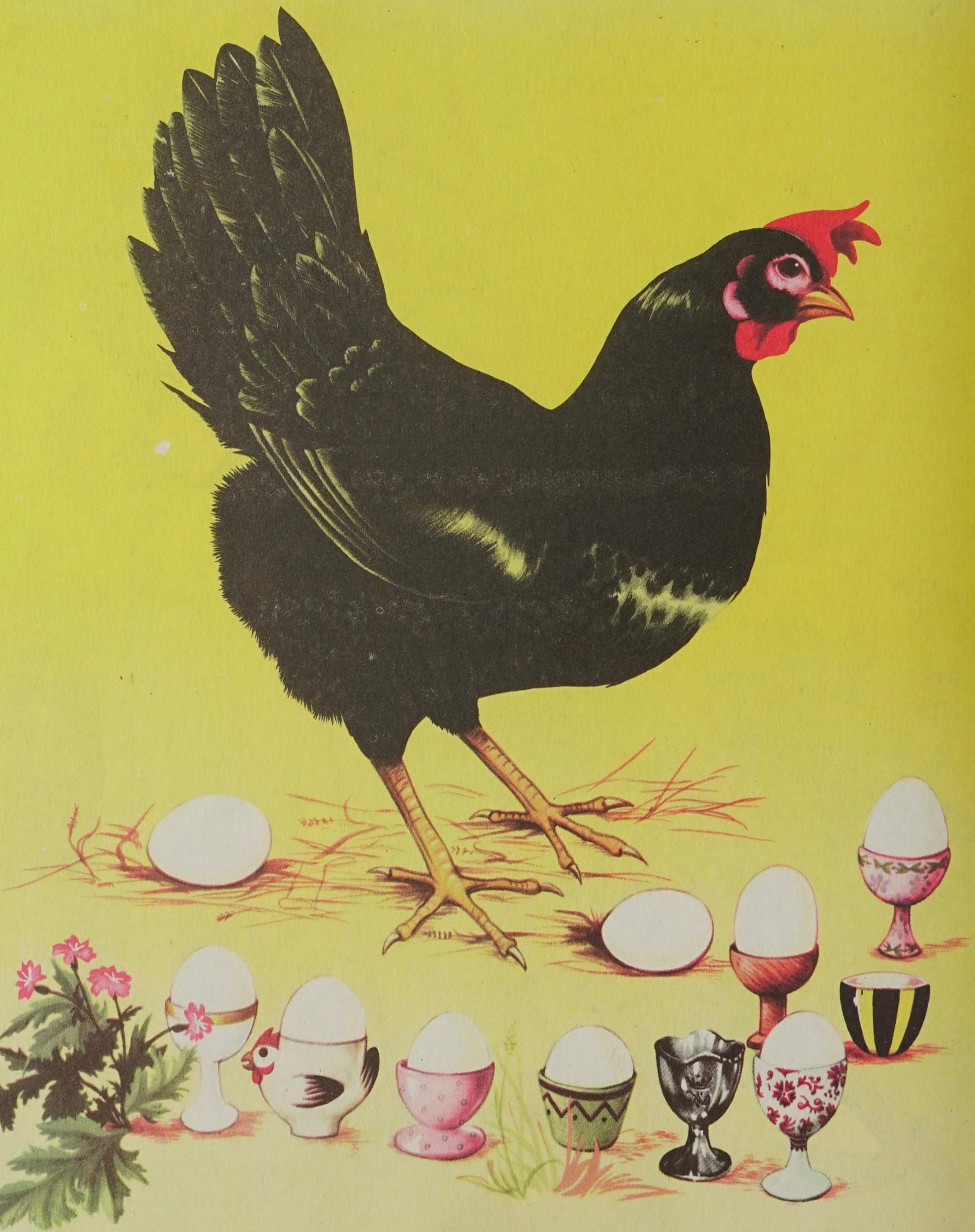
GOOSEY, Goosey, Gander,
Whither do you wander?
Upstairs and downstairs
and in my lady's chamber;
There I met an old
man, who would
not say his
prayers.
I took him by the
left leg, and threw
him down the
stairs.



DICKERY, dickery,
dock;
The mouse ran up the clock;
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,
Dickery, dickery, dock.

I HAD a little nut-tree,
And nothing would it bear
But a silver apple
And a golden pear;
The king of Spain's daughter
Came to visit me,
All for the sake of my little
nut-tree.

HIGGLEDY, Piggledy, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen;
Sometimes nine, and sometimes ten,
Higgledy, Piggledy, my black hen.

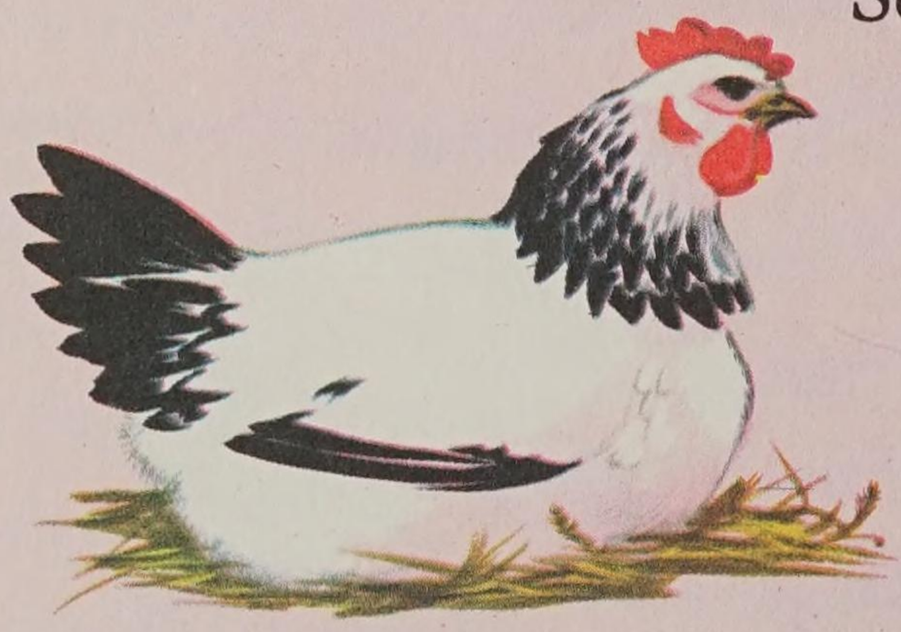


RUB a dub, dub,
Three men in a tub,
And who do you think they were?
The butcher, the baker,
The candle-stick maker.

ONE, two,
Buckle my shoe.

Three, four,
Knock at the door

Five, six, pick up sticks,
Seven, eight,
lay them straight.



Nine, ten,
A big, fat hen.

Eleven, twelve,
Dig and delve.

Thirteen, fourteen, maids a-courting.

Fifteen, sixteen, maids in the kitchen.
Seventeen, eighteen, maids a-waiting.

Nineteen, twenty, my plate is empty.

BAT, bat, come under my hat,
And I'll give you a slice of bacon;
And when I bake
I'll give you a cake,
If I am not mistaken.

THERE was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children
She didn't know what to do.
She gave them some
broth without
any bread,
Then whipped them
all soundly and
sent them to bed.

THE Queen of Hearts
She made some tarts,
All on a summer's day;
The Knave of Hearts
He stole those tarts,
And with them ran away.

THE Lion and the Unicorn were fighting
for the crown,
The Lion beat the Unicorn all round the town.
Some gave them white bread and some gave
them brown,
And some gave them plum cake and drummed
them out of town.

JACK and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown,
And Jill came tumbling after.

Up Jack got and home did trot,
As fast as he could caper;
And went to bed to mend his head
With vinegar and brown paper.

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away did run.
The pig was eat, and Tom was beat,
And Tom went roaring down the street.

YANKEE-DOODLE went to town,
Riding on a pony;
Stuck a feather in his cap,
And called it Macaroni.

BYE, Baby Bunting,
Father's gone a-hunting,
Gone to fetch a rabbit skin
To wrap the Baby Bunting in.

A-HUNTING we will go!
A-hunting we will go!

Tantivy! Tantivy! Tantivy!
A-hunting we will go.

ROCK-a-bye, baby, on the
tree-top.
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks,
The cradle will fall,
Down will come baby,
Cradle and all.

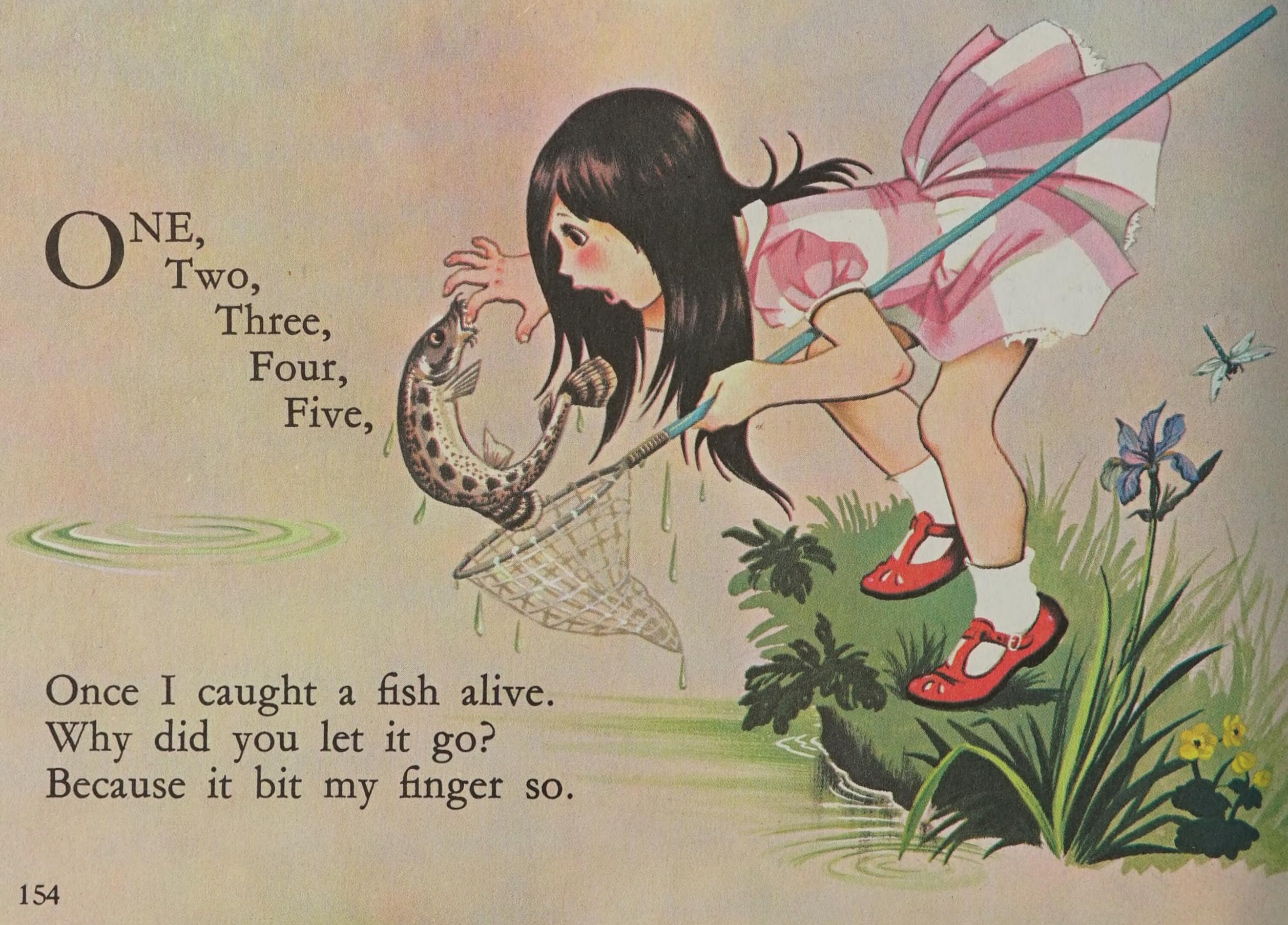
DIDDLE Diddle Dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his trousers on.
One shoe off and the other shoe on,
Diddle diddle dumpling, my son John.

LITTLE Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders,
Warming her pretty little toes;
Her mother came and caught her
And whipped her little daughter
For spoiling her nice new clothes.

WHEN I was a little boy, I had but little wit,
'Tis a long time ago, and I have no more yet;
Nor ever ever shall, until that I die,
For the longer I live, the more fool am I.

JACK be nimble, Jack be quick,
And Jack jump over the
candle-stick.

ONE,
Two,
Three,
Four,
Five,



Once I caught a fish alive.
Why did you let it go?
Because it bit my finger so.

THERE was an old woman tossed up in a
basket,
Seventy times as high as the moon:
Where she was going I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.
"Old woman, old woman, old woman,"
quoth I,
"Whither, O whither, O whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs off the sky!"
"May I go with you?"
"Aye, by and by."

MY mother said, I never should
Play with the gypsies in the wood.
If I did, she would say:
Naughty little girl to disobey.

LAVENDER'S blue, diddle-diddle, lavender's green.
When I am king, diddle-diddle, you shall be queen.

THERE was a little man, and he had a little
gun,
And his bullets were made of lead, lead,
lead;
He saw a little duck, upon a little brook,
And he shot it right through the head, head,
head.

LITTLE Tommy Tittlemouse
Lived in a little house;
He caught fishes
In other men's ditches.

LITTLE Bobby Snooks was fon
of his books,
And loved by his usher and
master;
But naughty Jack Spry, he got
a black eye
And carried his nose in a plaste

DOCTOR Foster went to Gloucester
In a shower of rain;
He stepped in a puddle, right up to his middle,
And never went there again.

HANDY Pandy, Jack-a-Dandy,
Loved plum cake and sugar
candy.
He went into the baker's shop,
And then he came out,
Hop,
Hop,
Hop.

MARY had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white
as snow;
And everywhere that
Mary went
That lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school
one day,
That was against the rule;
It made the children laugh
and play
To see a lamb at school.

THE grand old Duke of York
Had a thousand
men.
He marched them up to the top
of the hill,
Then he marched them down
again.

When they were up, they
were up,
And when they were down,
they were down,
And when they were only
half-way up
They were neither up nor dow

SEE-SAW, Margery Daw,
Johnny shall have a new
master.
He shall have but a penny a day,
Because he can't work any faster.

FOUR and twenty tailors
Went to catch a snail;
The bravest one among them
Dared not touch her tail.
She put out her horns,
Like a little Kyloe cow.
Run, tailors, run,
She'll have you all even now!

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in a thumb
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

THERE was a little girl
Who had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
When she was good,
She was very, very good;
But when she was bad, she was horrid.

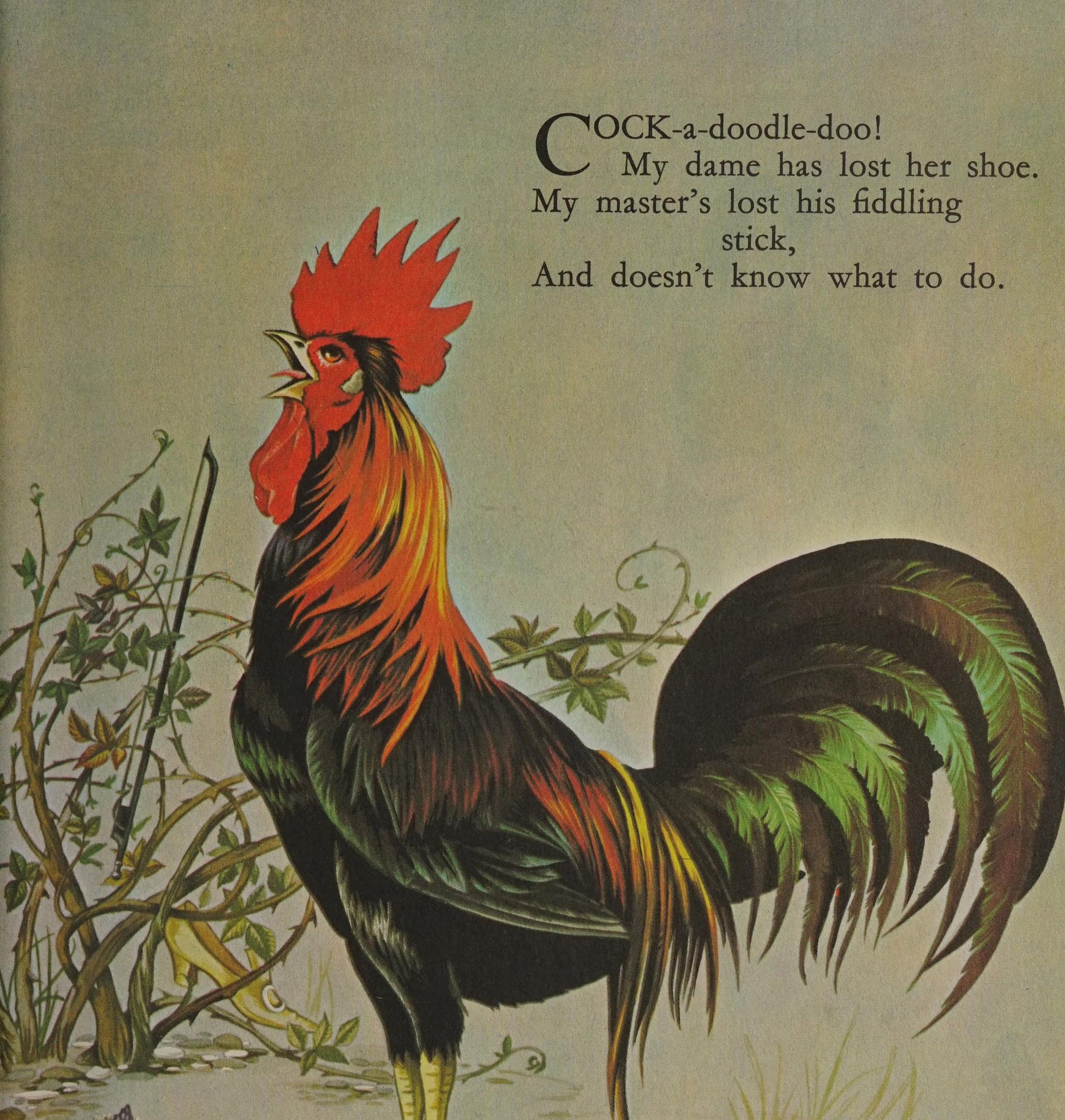
HEEPER-PEEPER, chimney sweeper,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her.
Had another, didn't love her,
Up the chimney he did shove her.

TO market, to market, to buy a fat pig,
Home again, home again, jiggety jig.

To market, to market, to buy a fat hog,
Home again, home again, joggety jog.

OLD King Cole
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.

COCK-a-doodle-doo!
My dame has lost her shoe.
My master's lost his fiddling stick,
And doesn't know what to do.



POLLY put the kettle on, Polly put the
kettle on, Polly put the kettle on,
We'll all have tea.
Sukey take it off again, Sukey take it
off again, Sukey take it off again,
They've all gone away.

MONDAY'S child is fair
of face,
Tuesday's child is full
of grace,
Wednesday's child is full
of woe,
Thursday's child has far
to go.

Friday's child is loving and giving,
Saturday's child works hard for a
living.
But the child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is blithe and bonny, good and gay.